Report from Russia *Philip Ben*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

June 27, 1964, 35 cents

SCRANTON

The Editors

Reviews of Current Books

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Is Democracy Coming?

★ The political calibration of the USA is way to the right of Europe. It is to the right of Canada. For years we have asked the reason. One time we even meant to write a book about it. It comes, we decided, from the way votes are distributed. Every rural-dominated state legislature is a horror of malapportionment. Congress itself is rigged. Poverty-ridden Negroes are disenfranchised. Millions of mobile workers can't establish voting residence. In big, modern N.Y. State one vote for assemblyman in little Schuyler County equals 14 in populous Suffolk. Mennen Williams repeatedly won the Michigan governorship but never could capture the rottenborough state Senate. But now see what is happening!

Congress is about to pass the once-in-a-century civil rights bill. Nothing and nobody can stop the expanding Negro social revolution. And the Supreme Court has just promulgated the once-in-a-century state legislature reapportionment decision. Give it time and the untried one-man-one-vote principle of these two developments will yield a degree of democracy in a generation or so that we've never had before. In fact it may give us democracy. We've never had it.

Some Blushes

★ The past few weeks have been poison for weekly journalism. As fast as we went to press conditions changed. The motto of this column is modest enough, "Often wrong, but reasonably honest." We feel we have a few explanations to offer. For instance, a few weeks ago we had a nice comment about the way they were "putting the skids under Barry." Well, the only trouble here was that Californians apparently don't read the newspaper polls. They voted the wrong way.

Then again, we said some mean things about Everett Dirksen on civil rights. We blush about this because we were so naïve that we took the artful leader at his word. Old Honey-voice came up to the Senate press gallery, perched himself on a scarred table, and denounced the bill. He was putting on an act. He was persuading the GOP conservatives, whose votes were essential, that he was more conservative than they, and that he would go down fighting for a radically modified measure. Our astute colleague, Murray Kempton, saw through this devious maneuver. We apologize to the mellifluous and canny old rascal from Illinois who has really done a superb job in corralling Republican votes.

Finally, last week, we ended the Cleveland Governors' Conference with Goldwater in, and Scranton nowhere. Right after that, we are delighted to say, Scranton became a candidate. We went over to Baltimore and watched him declare himself and felt he did a fine job. We liked best his line that his opponent (Goldwater) was "trying to read Lincoln out of the party." Can Scranton get nominated? We doubt it. But he has given the campaign excitement. He has saved his own self-respect (and seemed happy about that). He has made himself front-runner, perhaps, for '68. He has clarified the basic GOP schism (more like 1912 every day). And if he should – if he just should – march up the field as underdog, put the ball on the one-yard line and crash it over in the gathering dusk amid the hysteria and madness of the grandstands in the last 10 seconds of play, why, he would have achieved such momentum that LBJ had better look out. And a very good thing for LBJ, too.

A couple of liberal friends say they would vote for Scranton rather than LBJ, given the chance. We doubt it. Mr. Johnson has done a splendid job on civil rights, centered national attention on poverty, cut back defense spending and applied some of the savings to reduce America's disgraceful public squalor. If he has rigged the budget he has done no worse than other Presidents are required to do to placate American folk myths. We don't see many liberals voting GOP this year.

LBJ's Appointees

★ Yet Mr. Johnson has not really established himself as a liberal. There is distrust, and some distaste. Unfair, maybe, but fact. The Bobby Baker case indicated that somebody was taking kick-backs, and the President hasn't cleared it up. Big Business loves Lyndon. He made a brilliant success of the tax cut but he got it by dropping half the Kennedy program, which was for a tax cut *and* public spending. And now there are his appointees to the so-called regulatory commissions.

The dozen or so big federal agencies comprise a fourth branch of government. They affect the price of your bread and railroad ticket, and the quality of your TV program. Mr. Johnson has just picked a far-right political hack named Homer Budge, a former Congressman from Idaho, to sit on the vital Securities and Exchange Commission. The SEC is the watchdog of Wall Street, but Budge says he doesn't really like control. Any President who cares to can stack these agencies with conservatives and the public won't know the difference, and most Washington reporters won't tell them, either.

★ *Notes:* It may be that Catholics who choose cremation will no longer be proclaimed "public sinners" and denied the sacraments. We read in the *NY-Times* June 6 that Pope Paul has approved new regulations to that end. Those who hope the Church will modify its ban on birth control will rejoice at the news, and the hint of a willingness to change. In many Catholic countries US foreign aid is currently cancelled out by the birthrate as fast as it is given. . . . Disrespectful nicknames for great men are, alas, familiar to history. Washington correspondents are a particularly deplorable and reprobate lot. Speak to anyone about "Bubblehead," for example, and he will nod familiarly. When the term first began, I don't know. For a venerated figure it seems particularly unseemly. But after the Cleveland Governors' Conference it seems to have increased.

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CONTENTS

THE WEEK – Scranton; Time to Talk; Dial Your Party Line; Catholics and Jews; The Worst Yet; Percy's Purge 3

Reapportionment and the Courts – *Alexander Bickel* 7
Thruston Morton, the All-Purpose Republican – *Robert L. Riggs* 8
FOREIGN REPORT – Nigeria: Up With the Poor 10
Comsat: Speculation in the Space Age – *Robert Burkhardt* 11
Herr Erhard Goes to Washington – *The Editors* 13
Report from Russia II – *Philip Ben* 15

BOOKS – *Reviews by Gilbert A. Harrison, T. R. Fehrenbach, Stanley Kauffmann, Alan Watts, William A. Korns, William Raymond Smith, Edward T. Chase, Joseph Epstein* 19
Art *by Frank Getlein* 34
Correspondence 36

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Scranton

At the end of May, Governor Scranton had telephoned Goldwater that his "one over-riding interest is for unity. Consequently, I have refused to join the 'stop-Goldwater,' the 'stop-Rockefeller,' or 'stop-anybody' movements." In the middle of June, he heartened quavering delegates to the Maryland state Republican convention with the message that he had come at last "to offer the Party a real choice." He would "reject the echo we have thus far been handed – the echo of fear and reaction, the echo from the Never-Never Land that puts our nation on the road to a lesser place in the world of free men." He had not wanted to take the initiative, since, among other embarrassments, it meant saying in public how he has always felt privately about the Goldwater candidacy. He seems to have hoped throughout most of the Republican Governors' Conference in Cleveland the week before that George Romney would do the unpleasant job he now must do himself. The final efforts of his friends to persuade him were reminiscent of those calls to stoic endurance one reads in the novels of John Marquand: "You can live with it the rest of your life, or you can run for President." He chose to run, although the only thing that seemed more improbable than his being accepted as leader of his Party was that Party's being able to defeat Lyndon B. Johnson in November.

From the defiant declaration in Maryland, Mr. Scranton moved Westward, and as he moved, the defiant tone became muted and he returned to his more moderate style, talking to Iowa and Kansas about the true conservative spirit and being a sportsman about the opposition. His image was settling closer to its customary, charming dimness. And perhaps this was tactically sound; anything more abrasive, he must have thought, would serve him less well. For he began from the most difficult position a candidate can be in: it will do him no good to persuade the progressives; he must win over upwards of 115 delegates who think themselves as of now committed to Goldwater. The Associated Press projects for Goldwater 680 convention votes, 25 more than he would need to be home on the first ballot. Experience offers very little reason to distrust these figures. The AP has always been careful, and if anything overcautious, in its projections. The night before the Democrats nominated John F. Kennedy, the AP rated him still 20 votes short of what he needed. It brought Taft to the 1952 convention with a predicted 568 delegates; but 68 of these were contested by Eisenhower rivals for their places – a problem Goldwater does not face; they were unseated by convention vote, and Taft ended

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with 500 first ballot votes, the precise AP figure.

What Scranton needs is a shrinkage in the mass of the Goldwater delegates, and the first week of his candidacy brought little sign of any. Charles Percy, who is reported appalled by the prospect of running for Governor of Illinois with Goldwater at the top of the Republican ticket, called his 57 convention delegates together in the plain hope of being able to announce the switch of 15 or so; but the 37 Goldwaterites among them held so firm as to deny to poor Percy even his appointed place as chairman of the Illinois delegation. What few signs of leakage showed around the country seemed to come from the anti- rather than from the pro-Goldwater total. Governor Rockefeller's plan to release his delegates was snarled by the fact that he would have to set free four Goldwater delegates in Oregon who would otherwise be bound for one ballot to vote for Rockefeller as the winner of their state primary. The same shadow hung over the hopes that Ray Bliss, the Ohio chairman, might come out for Scranton; if he did, at least 10 of Ohio's 58 delegates would then be free to follow their impulse and vote for Goldwater.

For the first time in his political life, in Maryland, Scranton had said some harsh things, but within 24 hours he was beginning gradually to soften the blow, and even that early departure from the natural Scranton style had made him few enemies. The normally quick tempers of the Goldwater partisans seemed curiously unruffled. Scranton would, after all, make a splendid Vice Presidential candidate. It is hard not to believe that Goldwater, once his honorable fight is over, will not try to convince the Governor that duty demands that they run together. In that crisis, Scranton might be too polite to refuse.

But his distaste for being disagreeable could in that case prove his undoing. Militancy is not native to his commonsensical, gentlemanly nature. Still, he could have stayed aloof from the fight at little risk to his composure. The only plausible reason he did not do so is that he earnestly believed that the soul of his Party must be saved now. But it follows that he would not save it, or himself as the symbol of duty done, if he were to play an Eisenhower, deprecate his differences with Goldwater, or let the country think that when the chips are down and Goldwater has the game, he, Scranton, would embrace the very man he believed would destroy the Party and disgrace the Republic. On Scranton's own argument in Maryland, we are witnessing something totally unlike past pre-convention skirmishes. There was no profound conflict in principle between Dewey, Taft and Stassen in 1948, or between Eisenhower and Taft in 1952. Goldwater is something radically different, and if Scranton does not finally grasp that fact, his candidacy is absurd.

Time to Talk

This week Cyprus and the Congo, last week Germany, Vietnam and Laos all the time. In a year when tradition accepts that he will give most of his attention to home affairs, President Johnson is facing a formidable foreign policy agenda. It could be extended without a moment's notice to reinclude Cuba. But Mr. Johnson likes to think that most problems can be eased by people sitting down and reasoning together, and fortunately there is in all of those places a marked reluctance to depart wholly from "jaw, jaw." If it is still touch-and-go in Cyprus, at least the Greek and Turkish Prime Ministers have agreed to listen to Mr. Johnson in Washington, and may just possibly be prevailed on by him to listen to each other. Castro to judge by some of his more recent remarks is becoming increasingly anxious to be heard by Washington. Germany, which has become for the time being the least explosive spot of all, is discussed on page 13. What about Southeast Asia?

There, too, in spite of attacks by American or Laotian pilots on Chinese in Laos and consequent rumblings from Peking, the real aim of both sides seems to be to reach the inevitable conference table fighting fit, rather then merely to fight on without conferring. But the Chinese do not want a conference that would be confined to Laos (and which moreover, if the Polish proposal were adopted, would exclude China and be conducted by Russia, Britain, Canada, India, Poland and the Laotian factions); while the United States fights shy of a full-scale Geneva conference of 14 nations (including China) that would talk about Vietnam as well as about Laos. There is thus a good deal of maneuvering going on about the sort of conference that should be held. But what seems conspicuously and hearteningly missing from the picture (though this could change on a hair-trigger pulled by almost anyone) is really large-scale fighting. The Pathet Lao have not after all moved on Vientiane, the Loatian capital, as they easily could have; and the Viet Cong in Vietnam are currently behaving like the other shoe, the one that didn't get dropped.

This lack of bloodthirstiness is shared by the Laotian Prime Minister, Prince Souvanna Phouma, who obviously regarded that spirited rocket attack on the Chinese in Khang Khay as ill-advised, and by the South Vietnamese Prime Minister, General Nguyen Khanh, who is anxious to shore his own regime up rather than to encourage the US to pull Ho Chi Minh's regime down. And indeed this is a very good time for maneuvering in Southeast Asia: not just because the rainy season approaches and in Vietnam at least both sides have had bloody noses, but because all sorts of possibilities besides the sad thud of falling dominoes seem

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to be opening up. The split between Russia and China now yawns to the point where the Soviet Union may well be thinking seriously of switching its military aid in Laos to the "neutralist," General Le Kong, and of trying to coax Ho Chi Minh himself into the paths of co-existential Titoism, if not of peace. For the US to acquiesce in "jaw, jaw" in those circumstances is not defeatism but commonsense.

Dial Your Party Line

Thanks to an organization called "Let Freedom Ring," it is now possible in Boulder, Colorado, and probably in other cities as well, to pick up the telephone and dial a political message the way one dials the weather. A young, masculine and unmistakably Southern-uncultured recorded voice says that the National Council of Churches exhibit at the New York World's Fair includes a film portraying Christ as a clown, and that the NCC shares with the Communists the guilt of helping to arm Negroes for bloody revolution.

Mr. Johnson is assailed for "jumping into the civil rights controversy with both feet," and the recorded voice says acidly: "For our opinion of Mr. Johnson we refer you to Proverbs 26.17"; which reads: "He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears."

The one-minute recordings have been dialable in Boulder (444-2213) since May 15. According to the Mountain States Telephone Company, which is a subsidiary of the Bell system operating in seven states, the service was rented by a person who made it a condition that his identity not be revealed. The company's attorneys say that the service breaks no law; no profanity is used and no gambling information is given out. The anonymous recorded voice doles out various kinds of advice. It says: "We urge our listeners to purchase a rifle or pistol for home defense. We are not promoting insurrection as does the National Council of Churches. We are merely urging you to exercise your constitutional and God-given rights to protect yourself and your loved ones."

Catholics and Jews

There have been rumors from Rome that the text of the declaration "on the Jews" that is to be considered at the third session of the Vatican Council has already been amended to exclude any specific repudiation of any collective guilt of Jews for the crucifixion of Christ. The Vatican has said only that the whole matter is "still under study." If in fact the expectations raised by the Catholic Church that this tragic historical injustice will be righted are proved to have been false, hopes for a new era of good feeling between Catholics, Protestants and Jews will be badly bruised.

Historically, there is not a shadow of a doubt that it was the Romans who crucified Christ. Some of the members of the Sanhedrin condemned as blasphemy his assumption of the role of Messiah. But neither the Sanhedrin as a whole nor the few who delivered Christ over to Pilate had the power to pass sentence of death. Crucifixion was a Roman, not a Jewish death penalty; and the accounts of Pilate's compassion and Jewish Christocide date from a later period when Rome was strong and Israel weak. As one of the greatest historians of the period, Joseph Klausner, has pointed out: "The Jews, as a nation, were far less guilty of the death of Jesus than the Greeks, as a nation, were guilty of the death of Socrates. . . . Yet these 1900 years past the world has gone on avenging the blood of Jesus the Jew upon his countrymen, the Jews, who have already paid the penalty, and still go on paying the penalty in rivers and torrents of blood." The words were written a dozen years before the Third Reich began putting into effect its "Final Solution" of the "Jewish Problem."

It was also long before the advent to power of Adolf Hitler that the saintly priest who was to become Pope John XXIII, began to think of some way of righting this wrong. If Pope John had lived, the schema on the Jews, in which he and Cardinal Bea took a deep personal interest, would surely have been voted by the Vatican Council in a form that at the very least would have lifted from all generations of Jews any burden of collective guilt. But the second session of Vatican II was a pale and faint echo of the first; and if a schema on the Jews comes before the third session and is voted on, it may not be the one Pope John wanted.

If the heart is torn out of the schema on the Jews, as some predict it will be, the reason would be essentially political, not theological; for the theological point is conclusively covered in the statement: "Father, forgive them [whoever they may be], for they know not what they do." The most obvious reason would be the open and passionate opposition of the Islamic countries, particularly those of the Near and Middle East. Pope Paul might not react to such opposition as firmly as President Johnson did to the message of the 13 Arab ambassadors who protested the President's decently hospitable reception of Israel's Prime Minister in Washington this month.

During Pope Paul's precedent-breaking visit to the Holy Land last January, Arab statesman tinctured their cordiality to the head of Catholic Christendom with scarcely delicate reminders that they control most of the shrines particularly sacred to Christendom, and that, moreover, they can, if the Jews are "helped" in any way, influence not only Islamic but governments

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of other countries which harbor Catholic institutions or missions. The Orthodox Churches would be even more seriously affected because they are strongest and their flocks most numerous in eastern Europe, the Middle East and western Asia: and since Paul has continued John's effort to narrow the gap between the Catholic and the Orthodox, the possible fear of Islamic reprisals becomes a political consideration.

Cardinal Ottaviani of the Congregation of the Holy Office, leader of all the opponents of John's modernizing efforts in the Roman Curia and throughout the world, was and is a vigorous antagonist of the whole schema on the Jews. He objects even to a mild anodine version repeating again the Roman Church's repudiation of anti-Semitism. There have been signs of late that Ottaviani and the *Ottavianisti* have been flexing their muscles. Since there are other schemata to be voted on at the third session, some of greater significance to Pope Paul, his desire to win votes in advance may play a part in diluting the schema on the Jews. As Stalin was once said to have asked how many military divisions the Holy See had, so the Pope's advisers may consider that the opponents of Israel have greater political strength than the Jews.

For Pope John the schema was intended to respond to a profoundly moral and spiritual challenge; now it is in danger of being weighed on the scales of political prudence. Perhaps some debate, at least, will take place in the Council, and some of that debate will become known. Only then will the answer be forthcoming, for the Pope will not be able to remain "above the battle."

The Worst Yet

St. Augustine, Florida

This is the town that jailed the mother of Massachusetts Governor Endicott Peabody, and where more recently Dr. Martin Luther King had to be moved from the local jail to one in Jacksonville because it was feared he would be killed. Judge Bryan Simpson, a Southerner, had this to say of the jail where St. Augustine's Sheriff L. O. Davis lodged sit-in demonstrators: "More than cruel and unusual punishment is shown. Here is exposed in its raw ugliness, studied and cynical brutality deliberately contrived to break men physically and mentally." The detention pen crammed with "sweat-box" cells is playfully called "the chicken coop" by locals.

Dr. King in a public statement said: "This to my mind is the most lawless community we've ever worked in, in the whole civil rights struggle over the past few years." Rifles and shotguns were fired through a lighted window of the cottage Dr. King rented in St. Augustine: fortunately no one was home at the time. Shots were fired at a car driven by Harry Boyte, a white official of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Civil rights demonstrators and reporters and photographers were attacked by whites; one newsman was hospitalized, three photographers had their cameras smashed.

Night marches were organized by both civil rights demonstrators and by segregationists. Civil rights demonstrators were knocked down and kicked as they lay on the ground. Whites who marched into the Negro area of the town were guarded by state troopers and were led by Sheriff Davis. The white marchers included a former bootlegger who was named as one of the sheriff's special deputies. Both the civil rights demonstrators and the state of Florida went into Federal District Court in Jacksonville before Judge Simpson, the demonstrators to have a city ban on night marches lifted and the state to have it enforced. Judge Simpson in addition to his criticisms of the St. Augustine jail put some searching questions to Sheriff Davis. He asked him if he were himself a member of the Ku Klux Klan and if he recruited his deputies from the Ku Klux Klan. The sheriff returned shocked denials. Of the former bootlegger who had been made a deputy, Judge Simpson exclaimed: "That man is a convicted felon in this court." Police who were questioned by the judge said they had stopped but had not arrested two men in a car containing an automatic shotgun, five loaded pistols and extra ammunition. Major J. W. Jourdan, in charge of state troopers, explained that as the weapons were not concealed no law had been broken. The arms were taken away from the men but were then turned over to the sheriff's office for return to them next day. Judge Simpson remarked that this was like letting people carry kerosene to a fire.

Beatings, arson and shots in the night have characterized race relations in St. Augustine since civil rights demonstrations started there last summer. A white man was shot dead, driving through a Negro section at night with a shotgun in his lap; Negro parents whose children attend desegregated schools had their homes or cars set on fire. The owner of a restaurant who attempted to desegregate his premises had his windows smashed. There are strong right-wing elements in St. Augustine. Senator Goldwater is highly regarded. The St. Johns County Chapter of the Florida Coalition of Patriotic Societies, whose membership includes Birchers, is powerful. The right-wingers say that Martin Luther King has Communist associates. Judge Simpson, refusing to uphold the ban on night marches, suggested that there ought to be arrests of "the hoodlums whom everyone down there seems afraid to proceed against."

PAT WATTERS

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Reapportionment and the Courts

In striking down the Georgia county-unit system in 1963, Mr. Justice Douglas coined a slogan, "One person, one vote." Last February, the courts held that this slogan defined the standard applicable to Congressional districting. And now, as of last week, it is to be "one person, one vote," more or less, in the apportionment of seats in state legislatures. This means that all but a few of the 50 state legislatures will have to reapportion one, and in most cases both houses, by 1966.

The court's rulings on apportionment have been popular. They favor majority control, and there is hardly a strain of opinion in American political life which does not think that it represents or can represent a majority. Hence they seem to offer large promises of success to everyone, urban Democrats and suburban Republicans, supporters of medicare and opponents of open housing, and so forth and so on. It is as if the courts have pronounced a piety no more controversial than the common appeal to bring out the vote on election day.

But the court's ruling is not as simple and straightforward as it is made to appear, and it would not be obviously just even if it were that simple. Stable, executive, good government is a product of more than merely the application of the majoritarian principles. The legislature does not exist merely to register the majority will expressed at the last election, or we should elect it at large or by proportional representation. Besides, who really imagines that there is a majority will on most of the specific issues a legislature decides? The legislature is a deliberative institution, which should ensure, as Justice Stewart said in dissent last week "a fair, effective, and balanced representation of the regional, social and economic interests within a state." Persons, said Chief Justice Warren for the majority, "not history or economic interests . . . people, not land or trees or pastures, vote." But people, replied Justice Harlan, "are not ciphers," and "legislators can represent their electors only by speaking for their interests – economic, social, political – many of which do reflect the place where electors live."

The majority of the court itself, of course, recognizes the limitations of strict majoritarian principles. In the interstices of his opinion, it becomes clear that the Chief Justice is demanding only substantially equal districts, only deviations from a strict population basis that are not "too egregious," only that "a state make an honest and good faith effort to construct districts, in both houses of its legislature, as nearly of equal population as is practicable."

Who is to decide what is substantial or egregious, good faith or bad? Not the majority, in which the Chief Justice places such heartfelt reliance, for in Colorado a majority approved the apportionment by direct vote in a referendum, and yet the Chief Justice struck it down. The judges of the lower federal courts, rather, are to decide, under what must necessarily be only occasional supervision by the Supreme Court. These judges are given no criteria for their decisions. The only thing the Chief Justice does for them is to exclude from consideration the criteria that have been most commonly used. The judges are plunged into second guessing the expedient, empirical, political judgments of 50 state legislatures decade after decade. This they are unfitted to do – by experience, by access to relevant information, and by responsiveness to the interests affected – and the attempt can only bring them and the task that they are fitted to perform into disrepute.

In an earlier day of misguided judicial effort, two generations ago, the Supreme Court charged federal judges with speaking the last word on, among other things, labor policy, and rates to be charged by public utlities. This seems hard to believe now, but it was so. Only "good" and "legitimate" strikes and picketing and boycotts were to be permitted, and not "bad"; only rates which allowed a gas or water or electric company a "fair" return on its investment might be set by a state, and not "unfair" rates. There were no criteria. Federal judges were simply charged with deciding. And so they picked and chose the strikes they liked, if any. And no state could set the utility rate without then conducting five to ten years of litigation to a totally unpredictable outcome. The situation became intolerable and it was not cured without endangering the entire place of the federal judiciary in the American system, with all its many valuable functions.

The issues, it will be said, were different then. But they only seemed so on the surface. The root of the trouble was that judges were deciding in their uncharted discretion and ultimately according to whim – in a word, lawlessly – questions that mattered deeply to many people, that were not felt to be governed by immutable principles peculiarly within the province of judges, and that *were* felt to be the proper concern of officials responsive (however imperfectly, but through other devices also in addition to the franchise) to the people and to the interests affected. It was not satisfactory then, and it will not prove satisfactory now to leave final decisions of such pragmatic questions to lifetime federal appointees responsible only to other lifetime appointees in Washington.

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

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Percy's Purge

Springfield, Illinois

The Democratic Governor, Otto Kerner, is an eight-to-five favorite against his Republican challenger, Charles Percy, because of what disgruntled Illinois Republicans describe as "Percy's purge." The purgative that Percy administered at his party's nominating convention at the beginning of this month ought perhaps to have been applauded by all adherents of good clean politics. What he did was to remove from the November ticket six Republicans whom he accused of being undesirables. He accused them, among other things, of voting against legislation intended to curb Chicago gangsters and of indulging in maneuvers that had enabled Democrats to elect an Illinois House Speaker at a time when the Republicans in the House were on top of the Democrats by one vote.

Percy's purge of the six is viewed by other Republicans as truckling to a group of independents, including Democrats, who may hold the key to victory in November. Percy was trying to persuade the independents to give up their notion of entering an independent ticket of House candidates in the November balloting.

The independents have arisen because of the failure last year to reapportion the state, as required by the Illinois Constitution, and the political confusion and disgust with the party politicians that this failure has provoked. After Governor Kerner vetoed a Republican-drawn reapportionment bill, and a special bipartisan commission had deadlocked along party lines, a special session of the legislature this January established procedures for an at-large election of all 177 members of the Illinois House of Representatives; Illinois will be the first state to have an at-large election of the entire membership of a legislative chamber. The session set up special party conventions for nominating candidates; it limited the number of candidates each party could nominate to 118, or two-thirds of the House.

It was said that this was to ensure some minority representation; but it is the belief of George Mahin, director of the Chicago Better Government Association, that all it was designed for was to perpetuate in office a majority of the legislators who had failed to achieve reapportionment in 1963. Therefore Mahin proposed, in February, that there should be a third slate of independent candidates who, if elected, would hold the balance of power and so could presumably compel an equitable reapportionment. It was Mahin's idea to encourage voters to cast straight tickets for one party's 118 candidates and for the independent slate of 59, to make the full complement of 177. This would freeze out one of the two regular parties. However, the independent group subsequently announced that it might not enter the race, provided one or both the parties got rid of undesirable members.

By rising to this bait, Percy set off fireworks at the Republican convention, held in the Elks Club of normally placid Springfield. (The Democrats met, simultaneously, at the nearby St Nicholas Hotel, but they merely named a committee to draft a slate, then recessed). Pickets outside the Elks Club charged that Percy was conducting a kangaroo court. One purged Republican Representative, Robert L. Austin, pointed out that all six men are Catholics, and accused Percy of religious discrimination. Still, the purge was duly carried out. But then the leaders of the independents declined to get out of the race, at least for the time being. They have until August 17, the last day for filing, to make up their minds.

Whatever happens, Illinois voters on November 3 seem doomed to coping with several ballots, including an orange-colored sheet some three feet long, listing at least 236 and possibly 295 candidates.

JAMES L. MCDOWELL

Vice Presidential Candidates

Thruston Morton, the All-Purpose Republican

When the Republican National Committee chose Senator Thruston Ballard Morton of Kentucky to be permanent chairman at San Francisco next month, it did more than select a presiding officer to whom no faction objected. It provided national prominence for the most flexible of its prospective Vice Presidential nominees and the most adjustable of its Presidential dark horses. One newspaper account said the Committee strove for party unity by picking the "conservative" Kentuckian to appease the Goldwater wing and by selecting Governor Mark O. Hatfield as keynoter to keep the liberals happy. Another account classified both Morton and Hatfield as "the Eisenhower brand of moderation."

It is this ability to find shelter in the no-man's land between warring factions, this tendency to take on the political coloration of those about him that make Morton so acceptable to all sides.

In the quarrelsome condition in which the Republicans find themselves on the eve of their convention, it is easy to believe the party will make use of Morton's qualifications. If Barry Goldwater has got the nomina-

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tion in the bag, where could he better find a running mate to make peace with angry moderates than by turning to that "Eisenhower Republican" from Kentucky? And if the anti-Goldwaterites perform a miracle and win the Presidential nomination for Governor Scranton, where could the Pennsylvania moderate better turn for a number two man than that "southern conservative" from the border?

An even headier thought: suppose the moderates and the Goldwaterites fight to a stalemate! When the weary moment comes, how better end the deadlock than to give the Presidential nomination itself to that friend of all Republicans – Thruston B. Morton. He could be a "caretaker candidate," a man to bind up wounds after the slaughter.

Two weeks after the National Committee made final his selection as permanent chairman, Morton was busy proving how easily and graciously he moves from one camp to the other. Committed to the civil rights bill and to cloture, Morton won friends among Southerners by pushing to approval the jury trial amendment. He added to that affection by voting for the Ervin amendment which would have torn the fair employment section out of the bill entirely, for the Cotton amendment which would have weakened it and for the Hickenlooper amendment to throw out the section which would provide funds to help train teachers in solving integration problems.

But on cloture, Morton was with the "mainstream" of 27 Republicans who voted to stop the filibuster, while Goldwater was among the half dozen who opposed the motion.

Washington has never been able to explain Morton's prominence on the national scene. He came to town in the Republican sweep of 1946 which was based on the irritation over "no meat, no soap, no tissue." He was 39 years old and was identified with the liberal, international Republicans who looked to Harold Stassen as their model. Morton became friendly with his fellow member of that freshman class, Richard Nixon.

By 1952, he and Nixon both were active on behalf of Dwight D. Eisenhower. The rest of the Republican convention delegation from Kentucky was devoted to Robert A. Taft. In disgust, Morton decided not to seek re-election to the House. As solace, the Kentucky delegates agreed he could cast *his* vote for Ike.

Morton's departure from the House of Representatives created no vacuum. Like most members, he had made no noteworthy record in the brief six years.

After Eisenhower entered the White House, Morton was made Assistant Secretary of State with the assignment to get the Administration's foreign affairs program through Congress. In that activity, Morton had far more intimate association with the White House crowd than did his fellow Republican, Senator John Sherman Cooper, the former Ambassador to India.

Some national attention centered on Morton in 1956 when, in alliance with the Democratic Governor, A. B. (Happy) Chandler, he ran for the Senate and defeated Earle C. Clements, then Assistant Majority Leader. Even so, his selection in 1958 as Republican national chairman found him so little known to the Washington press corps that most of them were spelling his first name Thurston and pronouncing it that way instead of "Throoston."

His performance as national chairman won him friends not only among the press but among the warring factions of his party. He was and is good on television. He had and has a refreshing frankness in discussing politics. His reputation as a raconteur earned him the title "Alben Barkley in a Brooks Brothers suit." He was offered as a refutation of the adage that "nice guys never win." The professionals around the Republican National Committee also gave "nice guy" Morton their highest accolade, the label of "gut fighter." In their minds, he came to rank among such top "gut fighters" as his friend Nixon. He emulated the former Vice President not only in the 1960 campaign but also in the last two Kentucky campaigns.

The Gut Fighter

In his 1962 Senatorial race against Democrat Wilson W. Wyatt, Morton's people managed to make Wyatt's early and brief connection with Americans for Democratic Action equivalent to membership in the Politburo.

In spite of his support of civil rights legislation, Morton was involved in the 1963 gubernatorial election tactics in Kentucky in which the Republican Louis Nunn made heavy inroads on the Democratic vote by charging that his opponent would extend benefits to Negroes.

A noteworthy thing about Morton's legislative record, aside from the absence of identification with any important undertaking in House or Senate, is his apparent lack of any deep commitment. For all that he was for cloture and for civil rights, it never occurred to the pro-civil rights bipartisan leadership to appoint him one of their watchmen. By contrast, John Sherman Cooper was chosen to keep on the alert for parliamentary sorties by the Southerners.

Another example is public power. Morton seldom votes contrary to the interests of the Tennessee Valley Authority or the Rural Electric Cooperatives. Yet, the members of REA feel that the personal, almost emotional tie they have with Cooper is entirely missing from their relations with Morton.

On the Senate Finance Committee, Morton is far more likely to stand with Chairman Harry Byrd than with Albert Gore, Clinton Anderson or Paul Douglas.

Americans for Constitutional Action, the keeper of

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the conservative conscience, found in 1963 that Morton was for the Constitution and sound government only 42 percent of the time, just one point better than Cooper. But *The New Republic* box score of 12 key votes in the 87th Congress found Morton voting right three times (Cooper eight). ROBERT L. RIGGS

FOREIGN REPORT

NIGERIA: *Up with the Poor*

★ Organized labor in the most populous African state south of the Sahara (40m.) is no longer prepared to work for peanuts even though peanuts are the Nigerian Federation's best-known crop. When a government commission suggested that workers get minimum wages that would have doubled the pay of some, and the government declared this would ruin the country and offered a 20 percent pay raise instead, almost a million workers struck. After 13 days of standstill, the government has agreed to negotiate on the basis of the commission's proposals.

The inner meaning of those events is that in Nigeria a revolution of expectations, roused by the politicians when they were demanding an end to British colonialism, ran over a post-British display of conspicuous consumption by those same politicians and their friends. After independence, Nigeria's new leaders set out to try to build a modern economy with little relation to Nigeria's traditional peanuts. In the process they somehow managed to build themselves $180,000 "official" residences, as well as luxury hotels for tourists; but the mud huts, the slums in the capital city, and the growing number of unemployed remain.

Nigeria became independent in 1960 and became a republic last October, when the government permitted the workers to see what strike action could achieve by giving strikers a month's pay as a "republic bonus." It also set up the Morgan Commission, headed by a Nigerian judge, to recommend wage reforms. Last month the commission proposed that workers in Lagos, the New York of Nigeria, be paid a minimum wage of $30 a month, and that workers in more rural areas get at least $15 a month. This would double the pay of some workers and raise the pay of many more by almost 60 percent, and so when the government balked, the resentful workers marched on the parliament building in Lagos, which was guarded by policemen armed with rifles and wicker shields, and the 13-day general strike followed.

Prices, rents and the politicians' pay have all risen since independence (and probably graft as well), but not wages. The politicians explain that it is impossible to increase investment and consumption at the same time, and preach austerity; but only the workers and the peasants practice it. Finally it has become commonplace to hear ordinary Nigerians refer to their politicians as "an upper class of parasites." The government is said to have spent $30,000,000 on limousines for politicians, and the upper crust of bureaucrats carry on the British tradition of "home leave," which in the case of Nigerians means 30 to 90 days' vacation abroad, at government expense. Meanwhile, Nigeria has piled up foreign debt, because imports – largely of luxury consumer goods – go up even though Nigerian exports have been going down in value, and unemployment and prices are rising. The government has spent a good deal on education; but there are few jobs for the educated, or for the uneducated either. On top of this, the country is riven by geographical and tribal animosities.

The government has been the biggest employer of organized labor, and the labor unions have looked on advanced countries' wages legislation as their model. They want prices and rents controlled by law and think of strikes as means of forcing the authorities to pass laws redistributing the national income; in evidence before the Morgan Commission, a group of intellectuals from the University of Ife urged on behalf of the workers a system that would grade the pay of everyone from casual laborers to chief justices. They wanted a national minimum wage that would be one-twentieth the pay of the government official with the biggest salary. At present, most Nigerians rub along on $135 a year and some are paid $28,000. To round out the proposed welfare state, the group's spokesman asked for subsidized housing and subsidized transport for the lower income groups.

The real answer to Nigerian poverty is to increase the average Nigerian's productivity, universally conceded to be appallingly low; but this cannot be done without capital investment that provides the worker with both training and tools. The country's "modern" economy has not yet been directing money into improved farming or into building up small-scale manufacturing. The consumption patterns of the new *élite* have prevented capital from being accumulated. To redirect the money now being wasted into the hands of organized labor would simply mean sharing it with a would-be *élite*, for the farmers who comprise more than 80 percent of the population are not organized. The $1.9 billion for spending on industrial development under Nigeria's current four-year plan may come largely out of the hides of the farmers. If the government grants more wage increases to organized labor it may stave off an industrial explosion, but further embitter the mass of the people.

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COMSAT

Speculation in the Space Age

by Robert Burkhardt

During the past few weeks, some 150,000 starry-eyed American investors paid out $100 million for a "piece of the future." What they got for their money was an average of 33 shares each in Communications Satellite Corporation stock – and a gnawing suspicion that these are shares in a gigantic space-age speculation.

Few new corporate security offerings have caught the imagination of the investing public as did the Comsat offering, which had everything going for it, including the longest list of underwriters in the history of Wall Street. Investors' appetites were stimulated by more than a year of optimistic publicity, and 10 million shares were offered for sale.

Congress specified in the law setting up Comsat two years ago that "the shares of stock initially offered shall be sold at a price not in excess of $100 for each share and in a manner to encourage the widest distribution to the American public." Just as there are priests more Catholic than the Pope, so the Comsat incorporators decided to be more concerned than Congress over public participation. They set the price of Comsat shares at $20 each and – to the undisguised anguish of the Securities and Exchange Commission – proceeded in subtle ways to "encourage . . . the American public" to buy. "If Congress asks us how we're doing, we can't refuse to answer their questions just because we have a stock registration pending and the SEC thinks we should keep our lips sealed," one Comsat official said.

The stock offering prospectus has about three pages of happy talk for each paragraph of cold facts, but the facts are there for anyone to read. "The establishment of a communications satellite system, capable of providing a commercially useful service, has never before been attempted," warns the prospectus, under a section called "The venture and its risks." As for the future, of which the investor is presumably buying a piece, the prospectus goes on to explain that "the type of system to be established will not be determined before the latter part of 1965 . . . . The system selected will be ready to provide service between certain areas beginning in 1966 . . . . The system will not be in full operation before the latter part of 1967 . . . . Dates referred to in this paragraph are approximations only."

Profits? There may be some at a later date, but "in view of the risks of the venture, the Corporation may not realize significant operating revenue for a period after full system operations commence and the Corporation may operate at a loss for several years after commencement of full system operations." If the prospective investor still hasn't got the message, it is spelled out for him: "No dividends will be paid on the Common Stock for an indeterminate period."

Even if successful, the Comsat satellites will, of course, face stiff competition from existing cable systems, as well as from world-wide high frequency radio facilities. Moreover, warns the prospectus, "the submarine cable systems with which the satellite system will compete may include cable systems of greatly increased efficiency now under development by AT&T and others."

AT&T? But hasn't American Telephone and Telegraph bought a large block of Comsat stock? Having been printed before distribution details were worked out, the prospectus is silent on this point; but AT&T took up the maximum amount of stock permitted – 2,895,750 shares – and thus became Comsat's largest stockholder. In accordance with the rules laid down by Congress, the public was permitted to buy 5 million shares, and the same amount was allocated to the domestic communications industry. A total of 163 public "carriers" responded with purchase offers and AT&T, being the largest, got the largest allocation.

The other telephone and telegraph companies had to buy into Comsat for the same reason that AT&T did. Because satellites offer point-to-point communication potentialities and make it possible to bypass not only trans-oceanic cables but also domestic long line facilities, they present a competitive opportunity as well as a competitive threat. What better way to be sure that this new art is integrated into existing communications systems than get in on the ground floor?

There is always the chance of failure, as the pros-

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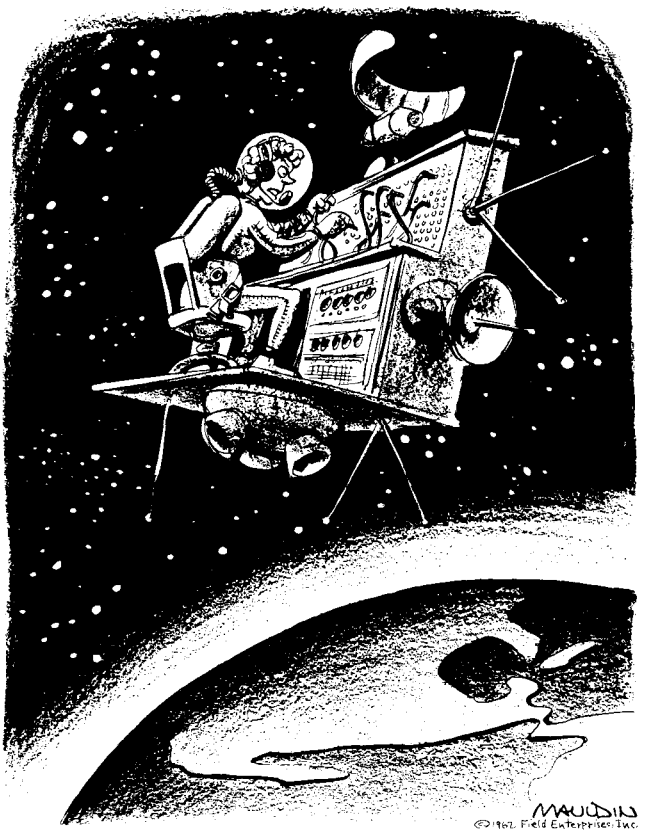
pectus so carefully explains. But there is also a chance of great technological success. By positioning comparatively inexpensive electronic relay stations in orbit around the earth, it is possible to handle telephone and telegraph messages at lower cost than can be done with present-day submarine cables. In addition, a superior signal reception can be obtained and it is possible to beam TV signals via satellite which cannot be sent by cable. It was one of the early experimental Telstar satellites which enabled Europe – and Russia too – to pick up extensive TV coverage of the late President Kennedy's funeral. With the possibility that Comsat may evolve into a wholesale world-wide communication relay network superior both to cables and land lines, and considerably less expensive, no US communications carrier can afford not be a direct participant in the Corporation's formation. For the time being, this country holds exclusive possession of the entire state of the art in communications satellites, from launch rocketry to electronic relaymanship. Many communications carriers in all parts of the world would therefore like to buy into the program also. None was permitted to participate directly in the initial offering of Comsat stock and Congress has all but barred foreign investors from holding Comsat shares. Governments are a different matter. US-Soviet talks are scheduled this month on the subject of joint communication-satellite efforts. The Russian discussions follow repeated US efforts to work out a joint participation arrangement on a user basis with almost every communications-minded government in Europe, Africa, the Near and Far East, and South America.



"... O.K., O.K., I only got two hands .... What was that number again? ...."

Even though AT&T will be the largest single stockholder, it will not be able to control the Comsat Corporation. Congress has built a fence of checks and balances around it to make certain that nobody, except perhaps the Corporation's professional management staff, controls Comsat's future. According to the 1962 Communications Satellite Act, public stockholders will be able to elect six directors; AT&T and the other investor-owned communication utilities will be permitted to name another six and the President of the United States is given the right to name three members of the 15-man board.

To make sure that the President doesn't exceed his authority, the Act also provides, first, that Presidentially-appointed directors be confirmed by the Senate and, second, that they serve for only three years, with a new director appointed each year. Stockholders are likewise restricted in their control over directors. Neither AT&T nor any other individual carrier-stockholder may pick more than three board members no matter how many shares are voted.

Congress has limited the public shareholders too; and the Comsat incorporators have limited them even more. The law says that no more than 10 percent of the outstanding shares in the hands of the public may be under the control of any single individual. But the incorporators have gone Congress 10 times better – they have taken it on themselves to condition the initial stock offering so as to limit any one person's total holdings to one percent of the total stock outstanding – or 100,000 shares.

This one percent limitation effectively dilutes the public's voting privileges to a point where no stockholder is able to do much more than cast a formal vote for the director or directors of his choice. It means, in effect, that the management of the corporation cannot effectively be challenged by any voting group drawn from the public stockholders. It also means that the six directors named by AT&T and the other utility-stockholders, whose interests are very much in common, will be able to exert a disproportionately large influence on the policies of the Corporation.

Because of the serious control issues which result from this decision of the Comsat incorporators to limit public ownership to 100,000 shares, the Federal Communications Commission tried to question the Comsat incorporators' judgment, only to be told in a tart letter that the Commission had no jurisdiction over this matter. "If for any reason the Corporation's decision

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to fix a one percent ownership limitation on non-carrier shareholdings . . . should be thought contrary to or inconsistent with the Act or its policies, the Attorney General is the proper party to assert this position," Comsat's counsel told the FCC only days before the public sale of Comsat stock was to begin.

Even the underwriters were affected by the one percent rule. The 10 principal brokerage houses each were limited to 100,000 shares apiece – and there was much grumbling, understandably so, since the supply was inadequate to meet the pre-issuance demand. Customers had their orders slashed to five shares and less, as some brokerage houses tried to give at least a small allocation to everybody who wanted some. As a result, in the words of one Wall Street commentator, "so many pieces of the future were sold to so many persons in such small amounts that many decided to convert the future into the present for cash."

These decisions to sell, originally prompted by disappointment over the small number of shares allocated, were given a boost by the spurt in prices during the first few hours of trading on June 2, when the stock made its debut in the over-the-counter market. At one point shortly after trading began buyers ran the bid price up as high as $27 but this lasted only briefly as "free riders" moved into the market with selling orders. By the close, Comsat stock was down below $23 and those who had bought with a notion of quick capital gains were quickly disillusioned. Today, of course, the stock is available at close to its original $20 asking price, below which it has not been allowed to drop because the underwriters are supporting the shares.

Many of the original buyers are holding on for a later rise in price. Comsat stock has been accepted for listing by the New York Stock Exchange and this broadening of the market often brings with it a rise in price. Comsat shares are being listed under a waiver of Exchange rules, which normally require that a corporation show at least $2 million in profits before its shares are accepted for trading. The waiver is being granted in response to what the Exchange says it understands is a Congressional wish to obtain the widest possible distribution of Comsat shares.

It may be good for Comsat to have its shares widely distributed, and its shareholders limited in their direct control of the Corporation, but is this really in the public interest? Stockholders even in corporations created by Congress have rights, and it is a poor beginning for America's first commercial space effort to have 150,000 partners in the enterprise wondering what kind of a future they have to look forward to, when there is little hope of profits and no hope at all of exercising any effective influence on the policies of the company in which they have invested their money.

Herr Erhard Goes to Washington

by the Editors

The German problem, like sinus, is one of those chronic infections that is more easily diagnosed than treated. We find we can tolerate occasional fevers and headaches, having learned over two decades that the ailment is not fatal, and that it has no known, overnight cure. That lesson was again brought home by the events of the last ten days.

On his return home from talks with President Johnson on June 12, the West German Chancellor told reporters at the Cologne airport that his discussions in Washington had been "very intense and this time very serious," and on the whole, a success. The following morning, a correspondent in Bonn described it somewhat differently: "Because of a fundamental disagreement on policy," wrote Robert S. Elegant to *The Washington Post*, "the Bonn government has served notice on Washington that it will, in the future, refuse its cooperation in concrete steps that may be required to advance a *détente* with the Soviet Union – unless German conditions are fulfilled." A senior German official who had been present at the Erhard-Johnson conversations told Mr. Elegant that the US now espouses a wholly divergent policy on a single key issue of West German foreign relations – the reunification of the two halves of the divided country.

What is this "divergent policy," and is it so very divergent?

On their way to see the President, Chancellor Erhard and his Foreign Minister, Herr Schroeder, were caught by surprise when they learned (in Ottawa) that a treaty of "friendship and mutual assistance" was about to be signed between the East German regime and

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the Soviet Union. The information was relayed to them by the State Department, which in turn had been informed in advance by the Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Dobrynin. In notifying the Department, Ambassador Dobrynin had been careful to explain that the Russians intended to create no new crisis, and that there was no intent to give the East Germans control over access to Berlin. The latter point is significant. It reverses a five-year-old Soviet policy in that it reasserts four-power responsibility for Germany as defined in the Potsdam agreement of 1945. Article VI of the new Moscow-Pankow treaty does state that West Berlin is "an independent political unit" (independent of West Germany), but this has long been the Soviet-East German view. The article is interesting only by what it omits: It does not challenge in any way the "vital interests" which the West has pledged itself to defend in Berlin. It may not be an exaggeration to say that the end of the Berlin crisis has been signaled, at least insofar as relations between the Soviet Union and the US are concerned. That, perhaps, is one reason why the treaty gives some concern to the West Germans. For the fear that the "central" question of reunification might recede in importance in the minds of policy makers in Washington is an obsession in Bonn. The hidden opposition to Erhard within his own party has used this obsession as a weapon against Foreign Minister Schroeder, and indeed, the leader of the Bavarian wing of the Christian Democratic Party, Herr Strauss, warned only a few days before Erhard's Washington visit of "the dangerous illusion of *détente*" which will "freeze the partition of Germany forever." Strauss and former Chancellor Adenauer – the uncrowned head of this "Gaullist" resistance to Erhard's more flexible approach – and party leaders such as Baron Von Gutenberg, Brentano and Krone, though they all support the Erhard coalition, have not shrunk from criticizing the Chancellor's more moderate foreign policy.

What lies at the bottom of Robert Elegant's report from Bonn is this deep suspicion in German minds that the progressive accumulation of limited agreements between the two super-powers may lead eventually to acceptance of a "two-Germanys" theory by the West. There was a storm in the German press when President Johnson, in an interview with the West German magazine *Quick*, seemed to counsel the Germans to reassure the Russians about German military strength. It was especially important, therefore, for the Chancellor to get into the final communiqué in Washington a renewal of the US commitment to reunification through free elections. Erhard was successful here. He and the President ignored the formula in the Moscow-Pankow treaty (no reunification other than through negotiation between the two Germanys), repeating instead the old formula – reunification through self-determination.

Another sentence in the communiqué, however, represents an important concession by Bonn: "They [Johnson and Erhard] also expressed the conviction that measures designed to reduce the threat of war and to bring about arms control serve to promote the goal of German reunification." No one desired to recall that 24 hours earlier in New York, Erhard had struck a different note. He told the Council on Foreign Relations that "only in the solution of the German problem can it be tested whether the will of the Soviets to relax tensions is genuine or whether it is a tactical maneuver." In other words, though the Chancellor didn't say so specifically, the Cold War can only be ended, or mitigated, when the Russians release East Germany; until then there can be nothing like the "legitimate Russian interest in security" referred to by President Johnson in his *Quick* interview. No disarmament in Central Europe is possible before reunification, and only as a price for that reunification.

Under the Rug

The June 12 Washington communiqué must thus be seen as a subtle compromise. It evades more than it encompasses. "Every suitable opportunity should be used," it declares, "to bring nearer reunification through self-determination." Does that not nicely conceal a common recognition that the West on its own can do little or nothing to knit the two Germanys together? So long as the Soviet Union has the controlling hand in East Germany, it controls reunification, assuming one rules out dislodging the Communists by force. But the West Germans are not yet prepared to make any real concessions (such as some form of recognition of the East German state) which might induce the Russians to enter into new negotiations. And unless and until the West Germans are prepared to do that, the US can only make soothing noises and wait. Washington has no wish to "wake sleeping dogs" (as the President said in his *Quick* interview) by inviting a harsh Soviet rebuff to proposals known to be unacceptable. For their part the Russians are aware that the US, France, and Britain have treaty obligations toward the Federal Republic which commit them to work for German unity, and not since the Berlin Blockade have the Russians seriously challenged these obligations.

As a way out of this frustrating impasse, Herr Erhard and the President chose the path of flight, into an institution. The "Ambassadorial Steering Committee" in Washington, under the chairmanship of Ambassador-at-Large Llewellyn Thompson, has been responsible for preparing contingency plans in the event of a new Berlin crisis. The Erhard visit produced a new mandate for this committee. Henceforth it will be a permanent planning staff, that will deliberate about reunification.

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Deliberate what? There are some alternatives. One is a plan put forward by Bonn early this year, after the President had told Chancellor Erhard in Texas in December that the West Germans should perhaps be a bit more imaginative. This "German Plan" has not had a happy life. It is largely a rehash of the Herter plan of 1959, that is, unity "for the German people in one nation, under a government of their own choice." None of Bonn's allies has thought it useful to resubmit this to the Russians.

A second plan under consideration grew out of the NATO conference in May, when Herr Schroeder proposed that a permanent four-power conference on Germany be convened. This procedural proposal has the backing of the British, who agree with Herr Schroeder that a conference of this kind could be proposed to Moscow without any serious harm being done, but American experts on Germany are not especially attracted by the prospect of sitting down with the Russians, without knowing in advance what substantive suggestions are to be offered. They worry also about the practical value of a four-power conference, so long as there is no allied consensus on what should be done about European security in general. And it is the Germans who are most reluctant even to discuss broader security questions.

A third plan deals only with the relationship of the Western powers to Bonn. The West Germans would like a "firm" declaration of the other three powers that they still stand by their 1952 obligations in support of German unity.

And so the diplomats in the Ambassadorial group in Washington will begin again writing papers, sending them back to their respective governments, and discussing the replies among themselves.

Their research and consultations are destined to remain academic so long as the USSR insists (and Bonn denies) that only negotiation between two "sovereign" German states can bring unity.

The Erhard visit did produce one unexpected result. The German Chancellor was persuaded to bury for the time any thought of more formal relationships with Peking. Erhard had considered that the West Germans might exploit the split between Peking and Moscow, and at the same time further traditional German interest in trade with the East. (In Bremen and Hamburg, there are "China lobbies" agitating for more business with the Chinese mainland.)

But the American government said no. The Chancellor was told that so long as a "shooting war" was going on in Southeast Asia, any such move is unthinkable.

In Bonn, this failure of Erhard's has overshadowed other results of his visit, and may even heighten "Gaullist" sentiments. Herr Erhard, it should be added, seems to have contemplated no formal trade agreement with China before the American elections; still, he was obviously not prepared for the resistance his plan encountered in Washington.

Report from Russia

II—*The New Freedom and Its Limits*

by Philip Ben

A visitor to Russia has no means whatsoever to measure Khrushchev's popularity or the correctness of rumors that he has a strong opposition, represented mainly by medium-level party bureaucrats who consider that de-stalinization has gone too far and has diminished their prestige and power. The Soviet citizen with whom one speaks usually refuses – as he did under Stalin – to discuss his leaders. Is it fear? Whatever the reasons were before, now it is habit. There is also no way to find an answer to the question people abroad so often ask about Russians: do they still believe in Communism? In a report two weeks ago, I described the economic failures of Soviet Communism. But it would be entirely wrong to conclude that the Russians long for another political and economic system. Any regime but the Soviet one is inconceivable to them.

From my observations, what is new in Russia is that you can find nowadays a narrow circle of intellectuals, writers, important professors and technicians who engage in a Soviet version of the game Kremlinology. They exchange among themselves authentic or false in-

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formation about affairs on the Communist Olympus. According to those Kremlinologists, Khrushchev was in serious trouble during the winter of 1962-63, following the Cuban missiles crisis. A group led by Frol Kozlov and representing more conservative circles of the party severely criticized Khrushchev's foreign and domestic policies and was openly preparing to take over. But Kozlov suffered a stroke in the early spring of 1963 which prevented this and spared the Soviet people a tougher regime.

With this danger behind him, Khrushchev's position is more solid than ever. He is not a Stalin-type dictator and has always been very keen to have the approval of the party Presidium, for all of his initiative. This interpretation of recent Soviet history will not surprise Western Kremlinologists. But we cannot be sure that it is based on anything more solid than speculation.

I was told also that the shifting attitude of the hierarchy toward writers, composers, movie producers, etc., who have been condemned, punished and then suddenly tolerated was but an echo of the political struggle between Khrushchev's "liberals" and Kozlov's "dogmatists." Thus, whenever Khrushchev felt that the pressure of the dogmatists was getting too strong, he would clamp down on writers like Ilya Ehrenburg, accused by the dogmatists of being responsible for "demoralization" and for the loss of face suffered by the party in the wake of de-stalinization and the disclosure of Stalin's crimes. But when Khrushchev's opposition ran out of steam, the punished or reprimanded writers were again forgiven, more or less. According to the same informants, the man chiefly responsible for a more liberal trend in Soviet literature and the publication of many works describing the true character of the Stalinist terror is a certain Lebedev, allegedly chief of Khrushchev's personal cabinet. Some of my Russian friends called him even the "greatest contemporary Russian liberal," though they were unable, or unwilling, to give any other details about him.

All this is, of course, speculation. What is certain is the great big change in the moral climate. Every encounter with a Soviet citizen, whatever his rank, confirms that the liquidation of the Stalinist terror has produced a psychological *détente* which becomes more and more marked each year. These people who have suffered so much and have been so afraid have had to get used to being able to sleep through the night without fear of being awakened by a knock on the door at four AM. The nation needed time to free itself from nightmares. It has taken 10 years, but now it has been done. The number of Russians who did not hesitate to talk, to invite me to their homes or at least to engage in a telephone conversation was remarkable. Not all were willing. I still have a few acquaintances who would talk to me on the telephone only after being assured that I was not speaking from the hotel but from a booth in the street. But then, I also know a fellow in Brooklyn who threw his Russian grammar into the incinerator during the McCarthy time and still hesitates to buy a new one, saying: "Who knows what may happen if Barry wins the elections . . . ?"

The Most Liberal Magazine

Among the most interesting encounters I had in Russia was a brief visit to the editorial office of the *Novi Mir*, the monthly literary magazine that enjoys the well-earned reputation of being the most liberal publication in the country. Such "hot" works as the famous novel about Stalin's concentration camps by Solzhenitsyn and Ehrenburg's diary, were first published in *Novi Mir*. "Who selects the articles, the novels, the poetry, the memoirs which you publish?" I asked a member of the editorial board.

"I can assure you," he replied, "that it is the exclusive responsibility of the editorial board. We accept the entire responsibility for everything we publish. We do not ask anybody's permission." Then, after a moment of reflection, he added: "Of course, there are exceptions, like the Solzhenitsyn novel. In this case, after we read it and became aware both of the literary value and the 'explosive' character of this manuscript (typed so badly on an archaic typewriter that our copy-readers at first didn't want to read it), we set it in type, made only a few copies and sent one to Nikita Sergeevitsch. Some time later we were told to go on with publication." (According to the rumors in Moscow, after Lebedev read the manuscript and recommended it to Khrushchev, the latter ordered more copies to be printed, which he distributed to all members and alternate members of the party Presidium. On the first vote a majority decided against publication. Then the opposite decision prevailed.)

Whatever the truth, there is no doubt that the *Novi Mir* enjoys considerable support, even encouragement, of very powerful persons. Otherwise it would be impossible to explain its steadfast attitude in face of continuous attacks by many publications controlled by the conservative forces in the party. Especially interesting is the magazine's persistence in publishing works whose main subject is the terrible times of the '30's. Thus, in the July issue, *Novi Mir* will publish a novel which, according to its editors, may prove as significant as that of Solzhenitsyn. It will be a story of an intellectual family, whose members every day see someone else among their friends disappear, and who for months live in the expectation that their turn will come next. The novel is a history of fear. Its author, Youri Dombrowski, is said to be a master of the Russian language.

One can see how much the Russian mind is still

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obsessed with the terrible Stalinist period by what is happening in the theater. On the stages in Moscow and Leningrad, I saw several modern Soviet plays, and in each there were frequent allusions to the "cult of personality" era. Those allusions are tossed into the middle of the play, whether it is about the incompetence of the bureaucracy or the glory of social labor, or is a love story. Every playwright considers it necessary to stress how times have changed since Stalin, and almost always he gives us a villain who dreams of restoring the old order. The fervent, spontaneous applause with which Soviet theater-goers greet those anti-Stalinist tirades says a great deal about those long years of silence, humiliation and fear.

The new wind blowing through the theater has also affected the style of acting. The traditional Stanislavsky-Vakhtangov style (hailed abroad by many who do not know Russia or her language) introduced to the Russian theater a most unnatural exaggeration, a way of acting which made so many Soviet movies from the Stalinist period so full of bathos. The acting one sees now in many Russian theaters is more restrained, subtler, nearer to the Western example, and incomparably more convincing. Though contemporary plays are still mediocre (three decades of literary terror could not fail to do immense harm to Russian culture), the theater seems to be reviving itself and to be leading back into the great dramatic tradition of Chekhov, Tolstoi and Gorki.

Even more daring is the small stage of satire, the most prominent being the theater of Arkadi Raikin, a kind of Russian Danny Kaye, but a Danny Kaye interested in small sketches satirizing the Soviet bureaucracy. Where is there a better description of Soviet reality than in a story which Raikin tells his huge and enthusiastic audience every evening? A hungry hare comes to a rabbit sitting on a pile of carrots. "Please give me a pound of carrots, I am so hungry, I am so miserable . . .", he pleads. "Go away," shouts the rabbit. "The carrots are mine. They belong to the *kolkhoz.*" A moment later a wolf appears before the trembling rabbit. "Give me a ton of carrots," he orders. The rabbit hastily gives him two tons. And when the wolf disappears carrying the load, the rabbit says in self-justification: "The carrots are not mine, they belong to the *kolkhoz.*" Raikin doesn't reserve his bitter satire for Soviet audiences only. I saw him on his return from London where his television appearance had the general approval of British critics. He hopes to appear in New York, Paris and Tel Aviv.

To conclude from the example of *Novi Mir* or from visits to a few theaters in Moscow and Leningrad that the Soviet regime has abandoned attempts to control the thoughts of 220 million citizens would be absurd. After all, a literary magazine with a circulation of some 100,000, of which only a few thousand are put on the newsstands, is beyond the reach of the average person. The same is true of the daring plays, which remain unknown to 99 percent of Soviet citizens. On the contrary, everything I saw during my latest visit suggests that the regime still wants to shape the thoughts of the masses. The only difference is that it wants to do it without reverting to Stalin's methods.

Barren Book Shops

There is nothing more disappointing than Soviet book shops. They are numerous, huge, and display a number of titles unmatched even in a big American store. Yet a prospective buyer can rarely find a book he is looking for, if he is looking for literature. Ehrenburg's diary (Volume II) which went on sale in Moscow during my stay there, was sold out in a few minutes. Apparently only a few copies were sent to every book store. It will remain unknown to the immense majority of the Soviet reading public. Neither can an average Russian buy the works of such modern writers as Paustovski, Nekrasov, Voznesenski, Yevtushenko, nor of many of the victims of the Stalinist purges. Most of those people had since been rehabilitated, even honored by collective editions of their works. But they are practically never made accessible to the general public. A foreigner can buy them much more easily in Paris or in New York than can a Soviet citizen in Moscow. (The same is true of *Novi Mir.*) The enormous production of Soviet publishing is largely confined to books which the public either doesn't buy or buys because it cannot get anything it wants.

Another curb on the new liberty in Russia is the limited amount of information available on events outside. I don't mean that the Soviet citizen knows exactly what is going on in his own country. How often I was asked: "Tell us what really happened with our last year's harvest. You abroad you know so much more," an assumption I was not sure I could accept. In the West in recent months much importance had been attached to the fact that the jamming of Voice of America, BBC and other foreign broadcasts in Russian has stopped. Yet I still have to meet a Russian who listens regularly to those broadcasts, though now not a few admit to listening from time to time. As in the past, so today, the Soviet citizen tries to learn "things" by reading between the lines of *Pravda* and noting the omissions. An old friend in Moscow was glad to see me again: "Good that you came. In 1958 you were the first to tell me that not everything was going smoothly between us and the Chinese. In 1961 you informed me that a break between us and the Albanians was imminent. So please tell me now why our press is no longer mentioning Rumania?"

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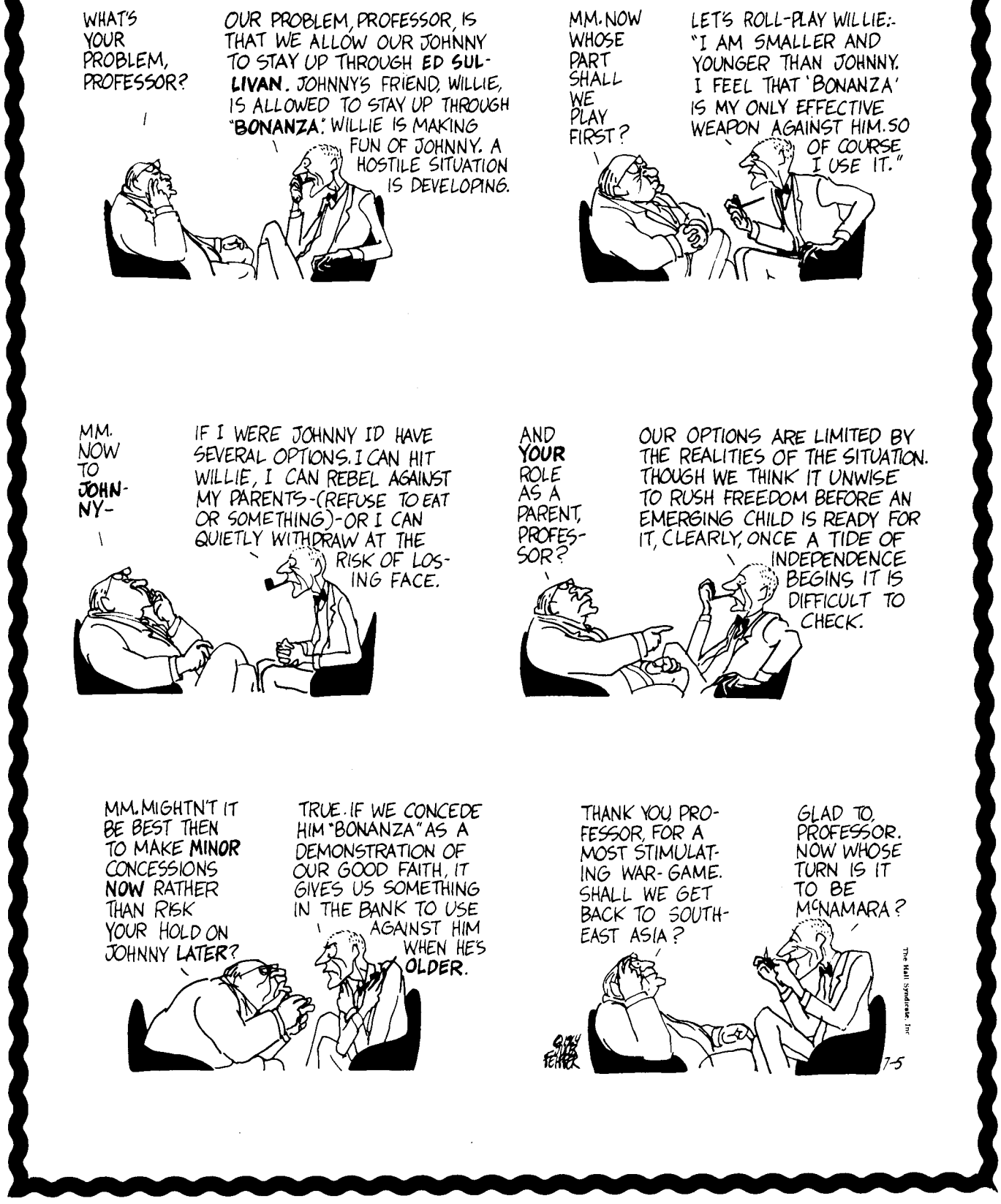
JULES FEIFFER


WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM, PROFESSOR?
OUR PROBLEM, PROFESSOR, IS THAT WE ALLOW OUR JOHNNY TO STAY UP THROUGH ED SULLIVAN. JOHNNY'S FRIEND, WILLIE, IS ALLOWED TO STAY UP THROUGH "BONANZA". WILLIE IS MAKING FUN OF JOHNNY. A HOSTILE SITUATION IS DEVELOPING.
MM. NOW WHOSE PART SHALL WE PLAY FIRST?
LET'S ROLL-PLAY WILLIE:- "I AM SMALLER AND YOUNGER THAN JOHNNY. I FEEL THAT 'BONANZA' IS MY ONLY EFFECTIVE WEAPON AGAINST HIM. SO OF COURSE I USE IT."
MM. NOW TO JOHNNY-
IF I WERE JOHNNY I'D HAVE SEVERAL OPTIONS. I CAN HIT WILLIE, I CAN REBEL AGAINST MY PARENTS-(REFUSE TO EAT OR SOMETHING)-OR I CAN QUIETLY WITHDRAW AT THE RISK OF LOSING FACE.
AND YOUR ROLE AS A PARENT, PROFESSOR?
OUR OPTIONS ARE LIMITED BY THE REALITIES OF THE SITUATION. THOUGH WE THINK IT UNWISE TO RUSH FREEDOM BEFORE AN EMERGING CHILD IS READY FOR IT, CLEARLY, ONCE A TIDE OF INDEPENDENCE BEGINS IT IS DIFFICULT TO CHECK.
MM. MIGHTN'T IT BE BEST THEN TO MAKE MINOR CONCESSIONS NOW RATHER THAN RISK YOUR HOLD ON JOHNNY LATER?
TRUE. IF WE CONCEDE HIM "BONANZA" AS A DEMONSTRATION OF OUR GOOD FAITH, IT GIVES US SOMETHING IN THE BANK TO USE AGAINST HIM WHEN HE'S OLDER.
THANK YOU, PROFESSOR, FOR A MOST STIMULATING WAR-GAME. SHALL WE GET BACK TO SOUTHEAST ASIA?
GLAD TO, PROFESSOR. NOW WHOSE TURN IS IT TO BE McNAMARA?
FEIFFER
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The Secret News That's Fit to Print

I - That Massive, Hidden Apparatus

by Gilbert A. Harrison

You *can* tell a CIA man; you can tell him off; and the authors of this book more or less do, though they don't tell him or us much that wasn't known before. David Wise, chief of the Washington Bureau of *The New York Herald-Tribune*, and Thomas B. Ross, a member of the Washington Bureau of *The Chicago Sun-Times*, have written no exposé. They peddle no secrets. Still their book is not without surprises. The US Intelligence network, they report, has become a "massive, hidden apparatus, secretly employing about 200,000 persons, and spending several billion dollars a year." Congress provides money "without knowing how much it has appropriated or how much will be spent . . . [since CIA's] budget is concealed in other appropriations." They quote a Senate committee's judgment that the US ambassador's authority is a "polite fiction." (Secretary of State Rusk stated in June, 1961: "We expect our ambassadors abroad to take charge of the relations of the United States with the country in which they are posted, and if necessary to take charge of all the officials who are there working with them.") They claim that Intelligence activities are "never discussed in the [National Security] Council" but are "handled by a small directorate, the name of which is only whispered [the Special Group]."

The Invisible Government
by David Wise & Thomas B. Ross
(Random House; $5.95)

They then offer a few case studies. The CIA (as every taxi driver in Beirut knows by now), directed and financed the Cuban invasion, and so secret was it that "many high officials of the government were not let in on it," including CIA's Deputy Director for Intelligence and the Director of the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research. (And so secret was it that diligent newsmen were writing about it before it happened.) Despite a US pledge that no US armed forces and no Americans would be involved, "American CIA pilots were flying in the invasion and Navy jets were to screen them against attack." The same story is related in greater detail in *The Bay of Pigs*, reviewed in this issue by Mr. Fehrenbach.

It was the CIA, too, that provided men and equipment to the rebels who tried to overthrow President Sukarno in 1958; the CIA plotted to overthrow the government of Iran in 1953; the CIA secretly supported 12,000 Nationalist Chinese rebels in Burma a decade ago, much to the annoyance of the Burmese government; the CIA engineered a *coup d'etat* in Guatemala in 1954; the CIA tried to "promote the ouster of José Figueres, the moderate Socialist who became President [of Costa Rica] in a fair and open election in 1953"; the CIA conceived of and ran the U-2 flights; the CIA "poured millions" after World War II into an espionage apparatus in West Germany headed by CIA-picked General Gehlen, a member of the General Staff under Hitler; the CIA (and the Pentagon) "at a cost of $300 million" invented and propped up a right-wing military government in Laos, and when it was overthrown and succeeded by the government of "neutralist" Souvanna Phouma, the CIA continued to give substantial support to its original chosen instrument; the CIA organized an elite corps in Vietnam and supported it at a rate of $3 million a year; the CIA got rid of the regime of President Jacobo Arbenz Guzman in Guatemala. And so on.

The Agency has a home program too. Tax-free American foundations are used by CIA as "cover." Academic institutions receive CIA subsidies – for example, the Center for International Studies at MIT, founded by Walt Rostow, now Chief of the State Department's Policy Planning staff. Like General Motors, but less openly, the Agency recruits staff from the universities. It finances a number of refugee organizations: "For a decade a $100 million fund was available for this type of activity." The CIA, Wise and Ross conclude, "is not simply an agency that gathers foreign intelligence for the United States in far off corners of the globe. It is deeply involved in many diverse, clandestine activities right here in the United States in at least 20 metropolitan areas. It can and does appear in many guises, and under many names – Zenith, Double-Chek, Gibraltar Steamship, and Vanguard in one city alone. On university campuses and in the great urban centers of America, the foundation, the cultural committee, the emigré group, the Cuban exile organization, the foreign affairs research center, the distinguished publishing house specializing in books about Russia, the steamship company, the freedom radio soliciting public contributions, the innocent-looking consulting firm – all may in reality be arms of the invisible government."

They tell us something about the CIA-run radio stations that beam propaganda around the world – Radio Free Europe; Radio SWAN in the Carribbean; Radio Liberation (now Radio Liberty), which "broadcast exclusively to the

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months, The New Republic will not appear on:

July 18 *August 1*
August 15 *August 29*

Weekly publication will be resumed with the issue of September 5

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Soviet Union 24 hours a day, from 17 transmitters in West Germany, Spain, and Formosa."

I want to repeat, however, the authors' claim that their book contains only the news that someone, somewhere, has already seen fit to print. They do not (with one exception) describe any current "black" operations; they don't identify any agent whose name has not already been published. They could, of course, have accepted the line that nothing should be written about CIA of which CIA does not approve; in which case they would have been wasting their time and the readers'. Or they could have decided to tell all. But that, they clearly felt, would have opened them to the charge of something like treason. Even so, their circumspection has been cruelly rewarded by William F. Buckley, Jr., who believes that they "verge close to unpatriotism."

If we push on and ask ourselves what, precisely, the authors find defective in CIA and how they could correct it, visibility drops sharply. They don't question that the national interest requires lies and bribes (though officials ought not to be *caught* lying). They might have come to the opinion – some have – that the primary danger in so powerful, highly centralized and hidden an operation as CIA lies in the temptation it offers a few people to conduct their own foreign policy, irrespective of official policy. And although they do concede that "this accusation contains some truth," they're mindful that "there are procedures which call for the approval of any major special operation at a high level in the executive branch of the government." They say that "the CIA and other agencies of the invisible government are free to shape events in the field," but they give no proof. Instead, there are some illustrations of poor coordination, either by design or inadvertence: thus, in Costa Rica, "CIA officers did not see fit to inform the State Department when they planted a fake Communist document in a local newspaper." Nowhere do they suggest that large amounts of money have been wasted, or that the secret operations which they describe ought not to have been undertaken in the first place.

One trouble with this spy business seems to be that "major decisions involving peace or war are taking place out of public view." And so they often are, and would be if there were no CIA. I cite in evidence, one report of a "news briefing" given last week by the White House press secretary, George Reedy. "After failing to obtain an elucidation of American policy in Southeast Asia," wrote Carroll Kilpatrick in *The Washington Post*,

> "... a reporter asked whether the Administration had imposed a lid on such discussions. 'I don't know that there is any official lid, as such,' Reedy replied."
>
> "Finally a reporter asked: 'George, is there any policy, procedural or operation question that you can comment on off the record, on the record, for background or deep background?' "
>
> " 'I will just go back to what I have said before,' Reedy replied."
>
> "Reedy opened his morning briefing ... by announcing that Alexander A. Matsas, the Greek Ambassador, was scheduled to see the President at 12:30. The following exchange took place:
>
> "Q. 'Did he request the appointment?'
>
> "A. 'I am not certain who requested it'.
>
> "Q. 'What will they talk about?'
>
> "A. 'I don't have any comment on what they will talk about'.
>
> "Q. 'Is it fair to assume that Cyprus will come up?'
>
> "A. 'I would not want to be setting the rules of fair play'."

Mr. Reedy deserves our sympathy, not our censure. "Invisible government" is a large part of government and setting the rules of fair play is far trickier in the field of Intelligence than elsewhere. When the authors report that "critics of the CIA have been hobbled by a lack of sure knowledge about its activities," they are on solid ground. But do they mean this in derogation or in approval of CIA? Probably the former, though we cannot be sure. For frequently in their book they seem to regret that the Secret Society isn't secret enough – which is essentially an allegation of inefficiency.

There has been discussion recently of whether CIA's two functions of Intelligence-gathering and "black" operations should reside in the same agency. The authors seem inclined to think a separation of these functions would not be desirable: "If the CIA were to be prohibited from carrying out secret operational activity, and that task were to be turned over to another agency, it might be necessary to create another set of secret operatives in addition to the large number of CIA men already at work overseas. Such a situation would probably reduce efficiency, raise costs, and increase the danger of exposure."

CIA has "quasi-independent status," we are informed. Is that good or bad? I *think* Mr. Wise and Mr. Ross think it's bad. But if the Agency were less independent (more responsible to more outsiders) would there not inevitably be more "leaks," more danger of compromising the secret purposes for which CIA was established? Their recommendation that "if ... it becomes necessary to undertake a secret operation, it is imperative that the long-range repercussions be weighed fully in advance" will be disputed by none.

Yes, our ambassadors abroad should know what's going on, should be in charge of their posts. The point was made firmly by Chester Bowles as he traveled about from embassy to embassy in the early days of the Kennedy Administration. President Kennedy and Secretary Rusk backed him up. Nevertheless, as Wise and Ross imply, things go on much as before. CIA agents "maintain communications and codes of their own"; they have money to spend, and they are not financially accountable to the ambassador. Is there any remedy for that – except the appointment of ambassadors who can spot foolishness when they see it, and who don't mind treading on toes, even the toes of CIA's powerful friends in key committees of Congress?

Perhaps funds for CIA should *not* be concealed in the appropriations of other departments, but if the amount and nature of these funds is to be kept secret, how can they be made more public in the Budget? And anyway, the present director of the international division of the Budget Bureau, under whom "all of the budgets [for Intelligence] are pulled together," is the former Deputy Director of CIA.

The authors argue plausibly for a joint, watchdog committee of Congress with lively, independent members who will spend more time looking more care-

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fully into the details of Intelligence. But they stop short of outlining the rules under which such a committee would operate, the means by which it could learn any more than CIA wished to tell it.

Perhaps the best defense of CIA is that in this age of conspiracy, it does what no other group – public or private – can do, and that what it does is necessary; that only a clandestine elite, freed from the drag of public scrutiny or bureaucratic timidity can effectively counter Communist subversion abroad. Had Mr. Wise and Mr. Ross explored that proposition in depth, they would have deserved our gratitude. They deserve it anyway. Their dramatic story reminds us, again, of the need to keep this "dirty business" under wraps as well as under adequate control. Some will be alarmed by what they reveal; some will be annoyed. The Director and the Deputy Director of CIA some weeks ago personally contacted Random House, and let it be known that the book should be revised, or possibly withdrawn.

II - CIA and the Cuban Invasion

by T. R. Fehrenbach

This book too has annoyed certain individuals in the CIA – which is notoriously thin-skinned for an Intelligence service – and it will continue to redden some military faces. There has been and will be more talk that some things revealed in *The Bay of Pigs*, however true, should be concealed in the national interest. This is hogwash, for one simple reason: the failures attending the operation on Cochinos Bay were known, evaluated, and digested by the only possible enemy of the United States more than three years ago. They were indeed an "albatross" around President Kennedy's neck; they led to the deepening crisis of 1961-1962 and to the Cuban confrontation. But since the fall of 1962, the men in Moscow have had new, and rather different, data to work on. If the Administration in 1961 made serious mistakes – and it did – in the second Cuban crisis most of them were retrieved.

The Bay of Pigs
by Haynes Johnson
(Norton; $5.95)

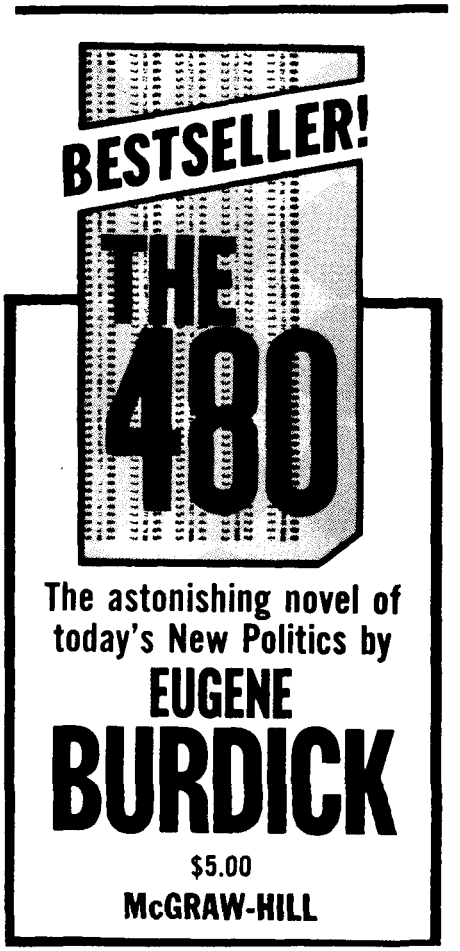
In this sense, *The Bay of Pigs* tells no national secrets, but does reveal some things the American people have a right to know. If it tells the reader without background very little about Cuba and Castro, it shows, through a dispassionate and quite fair piling of fact upon irrefutable fact, a great deal about the American Republic and the people for which it stands.

This is the story of the Cuban exile *Brigada Asalto* 2506 – the designation derived from the serial number of a member killed in training – which was organized first under the Eisenhower government in 1960 as an insurrectionary force, and then, while in training in friendly Central American republics, was made into a conventional military organization designed to attack and overthrow the Castro regime. The Brigade, wholly Cuban, was organized, trained, equipped, and paid by the United States government secretly through the CIA, and its battle plans and marching orders were drawn by the same agency. The end result was a complete and unmitigated disaster for the United States.

But not for the Cubans who served at *Playa Girón* in April 1961. For, as Haynes Johnson ably and effectively repeats their stories, it is soon evident that he is handling the stuff of legend, from ill-starred, almost unbelievable beginnings in the swamps of Florida and the mountains of Guatemala to the epic combat on the beaches to the even more heroic ordeal in Castro's prisons. It is not often that a defeated force gains stature, particularly when, unlike the Alamo, the sacrifice goes for nothing. The men of Brigade 2506, as Johnson is not reluctant to say, were not only heroes in the main but patriots, in an age when patriotism is becoming a very confusing thing.

Fidel Castro could not have been, and will not be, voted out of office anymore than was Jefferson Davis or George III. Johnson has performed a great service in removing from these Cuban exiles, who represented every class and color and almost every known 20th-Century ideology except Communism, the stigma of mercenary. Their story speaks for itself, not so much during the searing days and nights of heavy combat at *Playa Girón*, but through what happened afterward, at public trial and in prison. The Brigade hung together; it went ashore a partially-trained force, and it came out of combat and months of imprisonment a proud and disciplined body. There have been American troops who did not do so well.

For sheer drama, the mid-part of the book, the day by day and hour by hour account of what happened on the beaches at Cochinos Bay, is by far the best. This story has not been told before; until the Cuban leaders spoke it could not be. Johnson amassed enormous piles of notes in interviews, checking, rechecking. He was critical and fair. He has probably got at the truth, so far as it ever comes out of the remembrance of combat. Here is the bravery and brilliance of the Negro



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deputy commander Erneido Oliva, holding an advance position against overwhelming odds, and the professional calmness of brigade commander Pepe Pérez San Román, presiding over a growing debacle with high courage to the last. The commander's angry reaction to an unauthorized radio message from the beachhead begging for help is unforgettable: "If the Americans wanted to send anything, send it, and if they don't want to they can go to hell." The 2506 Brigade, to the last, did not plead.

There is more than one kind of morality in this world, as the men debating whether the US had a moral right to intervene or not in Cuba might have remembered.

But complete as they are, these are only the Cubans' stories. Johnson has had access to data from "undisclosed but irrefutable sources" concerning US actions and decisions during the drama, but until the CIA and quite a few other sources inside the US speak out, the entire story will not be known, and in its entirety, it probably never will be. However, Johnson does reveal a great many things with appalling clarity: the utter political confusion in Washington concerning a possible new Cuban government, the failure to alert the Cuban underground (Castro arrested 200,000 suspects in Havana after the invasion broke), the cynical decision not to inform Brigade leaders of contingency plans, the lies, however well-intentioned, told the Cubans during training and on the beachhead, the almost criminal inadequacy of the landing craft, the failure, at high levels, to estimate the capacity of Castro's T-33 jet trainers as fighters, and the enormous Intelligence failures from the lack of knowledge of what transpired inside Cuba to the condition of the coral off Girón beach. The highly-publicized – and as Johnson shows, fatal – lack of close air support and cover was merely one error of many. Johnson, fairly, does not lay it at the feet of the CIA; too many others were involved. But the recitation is heartbreaking.

It was not so much what the men in Washington, from President Kennedy on down did or did not do but the hazy manner in which the whole operation was approached and carried out which is frightening. And every failure, at root, hinged upon the reluctance in Washington to become openly involved. The insistence upon "secrecy" and official uninvolvement forced continual compromises to protect American virtue, and the cumulative effect of these compromises was disastrous.

Moral doubts are perhaps the greatest strength of a truly free people, but they can be at times their greatest weakness. Moral doubts hamstrung the democracies against Hitler, delayed the adoption of the policy of containment, and seemingly were fatal in the critical months of confrontation with Fidel Castro. At the heart of the Bay of Pigs fiasco was not the UN situation, not the fear of Hispanic-American reaction, or of Russian pressures in Berlin or Laos – Johnson pays too much attention, perhaps, to these apologies – but the obsessive concern with the American image in a world of power. Both under the late Eisenhower and the early Kennedy, Truman's old "It is so ordered" – if what was ordered seemed in the vital interests of the United States – was sadly lacking. It took moral courage either to decide to do away with Fidel, or to accommodate him. In Washington, then and now, both were missing.

Johnson quotes the comment made by a participant in the Bay of Pigs tragedy to Stewart Alsop: "The trouble was that we were acting like an old whore and trying to pretend that we were just the sweet young girl we used to be." All great powers in this untidy world have to keep CIAs and sometimes act like old whores; no realist argues the fact. But only the US seems determined to pretend an innocence no great order-keeping power may long possess.

This book should be read. It is a stirring account of brave men who tried and failed. The battle actions as the Brigade stood *cuerpo a cuerpo* with Castro's militia are worth its price. And while *Bay of Pigs* does not attempt to penetrate deeply into the whole Cuban problem or Cold War, the facts it reveals about Washington and the CIA may be priceless to this generation of Americans. This book, in its calm way, burns some horrifying realizations into you, and they don't go away. If *Bay of Pigs* makes the hot Washington summer hotter, in my opinion it will be all to the good.

Still No Connection

by Stanley Kauffmann

Just after we finished laughing at the sex-in-the-toilet scene in *Candy* (originally published in 1958), which was meant as a joke on pornography, we get a sex-in-the-toilet scene in Jack Gelber's new novel which is intended as startling evidence of depravity. This seems to me a pretty good *précis* of Gelber as perceptor. As with his play *The Connection*, his novel seems laggard and imitative in moral probe, adolescent in its sententious admiration of life degraded.

On Ice
by Jack Gelber
(Macmillan; $4.95)

It is a very readable book, which is not to say it is very interesting. Gelber's writing is swift, his dialogue is phonographic but pared. There are some funny characters and scenes. What one cannot do with it – either in its humor or its gravity – is take it seriously.

Manny Fells is a drifter in New York in his twenties, very Beat or Hip or whatever term is OK in *The Village Voice* by the time this review appears. He lives in a cockroach-ridden loft below the Village (not *in* the Village, he insists). He gets occasional jobs in the square world to earn some money; but he really lives in the "other" world: of "turning on" with pot, sniffing heroin, copulating *en passant*. His room channels a stream of whites and Negroes, jazz players, oddball painters, "character" girls. The list, the author makes us feel, is scrupulously complete.

Manny cannot be called an anti-hero. He lacks the anti-social resolve of, for instance, The Ginger Man; there is no conviction of the reality of his unreality, as with Genet's Darling. He simply

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wants to float on the tides of his time. But his author will not even let him do that. It might be of some moment to write a novel about a nerveless bit of human flotsam today, but Gelber lacks the strength, the irony, the resolve to do it. He betrays the essential falsity of his nihilistic slumming with the recurrent introspections that his bourgeois ambition cannot resist. These occur, not out of the hero's character but out of the author's fundamentally square attempts to assure us that his hero has depth, has a soul, is worth our attention. Some of Manny's complexity credit-cards:

> "If [business and salesmanship] were just gain, if he could believe that, then it would simplify matters. He didn't believe it. There were too many self-defeating games; there were too many entrenched sentiments glorifying inefficiency that did not fit into any fixed monolith. How could he preserve his own dignity? Not with others, but within himself. When alone, as now, when falling asleep? The pride in doing the job was no substitute, although ameliorating to his depression."

> "Where did the Village myth come from? Why was it universally accepted that it encompassed the new, the exciting, the sexually free, the unique, the politically aware. . . . Maybe everyone needed to feel that there was someplace where these things did exist. Where the hell are your illusions, Manny?"

> "Foregoing common sense, Manny lapsed into identification with one of Kafka's heroes."

The last quotation is a model for ambitious young authors. For example: if writing a historical novel, your hero "lapses into identification with one of Scott's heroes." The verb "lapse" is particularly neat.

Gelber also adorns his hero with some knowledge of rare books and decorates his prose with words like "festinating" and "cunctation." After all that effort it is probably heartless in us still to doubt that he and his hero are deep.

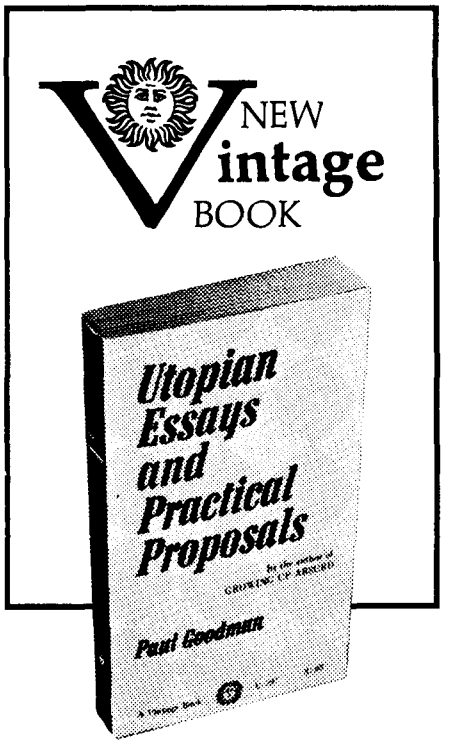
Manny's current job is as a salesman-spy, hired by a firm of investigators to work in a discount house and spot irregularities. Gelber's picture of the camera department where Manny works is sharp, though neither original nor memorable. The investigators' office has an amusing, fantastic quality, a cross between the thoughtful irrationality of the business criminals in *The Threepenny Novel* and the surrealist savagery of *The Day of the Locust*.

The attacks on the square world at least have edge. The (presumable) praise of the other world, the world of complete renunciation of the square world's standards, is dull: blurrily repeating matters already amply treated, with varying success, by Jack Kerouac, Clellon Holmes, Chandler Brossard, Thomas Pynchon, and others. But the interest in the book depends on our interest in the world Gelber admires, not on his post-Sinclair Lewis business satire. If we cannot feel that his swinging set is really the superior world as opposed to a terrible underworld of salesmanship and attendant sleaziness, then his novel lacks any kind of base – artistic, social, moral or amoral. Either his characters are puerile and self-dramatizing or else they are more clear-sighted than the rest of us, more free of antique conditioning, pioneers in the nullity to which we must all inevitably come.

Few thoughtful people would argue that there is absolutely no chance of our society's coming to nullity, Bomb or no Bomb. Yet Gelber does not persuade us that the people he admires are more than loungers in the moral territory opened up by true visionaries, using a cheap dilution of existentialism and nihilism as a kind of punch for a prolonged party. When I once told a Georgia girl that I dislike black-eyed peas, she snapped, "That's all we had to eat when your army marched through here." Her personal relation to the experience on which her anger was based was a lot closer than the *anomie* of these Gelber characters to the moral ravages of our century, which they do not seem to have suffered but of which they are happy to be victims.

I do not argue that one must have lived through the cataclysms of the last 50 years – the trenches of the First World War, Stalin terrorism, Buchenwald, Hiroshima – in order to qualify for moral revolution. Some of the great seers of the void (like Céline) have had such experience, some (like Beckett) have not had much more than Gelber. But, not to belabor him with huge comparisons with these other men, we never doubt that they are writing out of an emptiness plumbed after considerable travail, of a despair that is itself a universe within which whole gradations of life exist. Gelber is just fashionably grubby.

What one objects to, first and finally, is Gelber's facile assumption that his society is the only sensible one today, that it is more than a parking-lot out of the traffic of the world. Other recent writers who have dealt trenchantly with social disaffection – J. P. Donleavy and Mordecai Richler, for examples – have perhaps been wiser to concentrate on satire of what is accepted, rather than praise, direct or otherwise, of other values. Whether or not we deduce from this fact that criticism is the only possibly valid social statement today, that the negative is the one remaining positive, Gelber's positives are puny. Better a Rotarian than Manny Fells. Better the pipe-dream of success than the pipe-dream of the pad.



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The Gods Go West

by Alan Watts

This is the third volume of a history of world mythology to which Joseph Campbell has been devoting himself for the past few years: an immense work bearing the fruits of a life-long interest. Thus far, this is the best and richest of these volumes, two published previously – *Primitive Mythology* and *Oriental Mythology* – and one now in the writing. *Oriental Mythology* took as its point of departure the idea that the Tigris-Euphrates basin was a "watershed" from which an original mythological tradition flowed in opposite directions. One went to the East, to India and China, and the other West, to the Levant and thence to Europe, and in each direction the basic myth was transformed in ways that we now associate with the general and fundamental differences between oriental and occidental cultures.

The Masks of God:
Occidental Mythology
by Joseph Campbell
(Viking; $7.95)

The original myth of the production of the world from a divine source took startlingly different forms in India, on the one hand, and in the Levant, on the other. For in the former the universe was seen as a drama, and in the latter as an artifact. In the former, all beings and things were regarded as the multitudinous roles or disguises of the Godhead, eternally absorbed in a game of forgetting (or dismembering) himself and remembering himself, an everlasting dance upon the theme of hide-and-seek, lost-and-found, or peek-a-boo. But in the latter, the Godhead does not thus involve himself in his universe, but stays apart from it as the potter from the clay. The Lord does not *become* Adam; he fashions him as an image of earthenware, an artifact, and then it is the creature, Adam, and not the Creator, that is separated into the duality of male and female. Hence the emphatic stress of the surviving Western mythologies – Hebraic, Christian and Islamic – on the fundamental and absolute difference between the universe and man, on the one hand, and its transcendent Maker and Lord, on the other.

In *Occidental Mythology* Mr. Campbell goes on to explore the westward flow of this mythological current in a fascinating and entirely readable discussion of the relations between the great myths of the West and the whole style of Western culture – its sense of the independence and value of the individual person and of the supreme authority of reason and of the individual conscience. He shows, too, the indebtedness of science and technology to the idea of the cosmos as an artifact, made in accordance with a plan and behaving in accord with consistent laws laid down by its divine ruler.

For this reason the book goes far beyond being a mere catalog or anthology, *à la* Bullfinch, of Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek, Roman, and Celtic myths. Mr. Campbell uses these myths to elucidate the basic premises, the radical social institutions, upon which the culture of the West is founded. True, he retells (incidentally in grand style) the essential stories – of Marduk, of the Homeric heroes, of the Knights of the Grail, of Jesus and Mohammed, of Mithra and Mani – but all the time he is relating these archetypes to the development of ideas and attitudes that now seem to be self-evident commonsense, and, beyond ideas, to our most basic feelings – for example, of the nature of our own individual existence.

The skill with which Mr. Campbell brings this about is due in some measure to what I can call an acute sense of historical synchronicity. History is not, to him, a composite of independent serial stories – Ancient History, Mediaeval History, European History, or American History. He has, instead, a marvelous bird's-eye view of events happening all-together-at-once in Rome and Banaras, Jerusalem and Thebes, Kiev and Karakoram, Paris and Alexandria, and thus has fascinating things to say about the ways in which myths travel through commerce, and through trade in slave-girls! Prior to modern methods of transportation people were not so isolated as we sometimes imagine, and one of Mr. Campbell's particular hobbies is the reconstruction of long forgotten journeys.

Many readers will associate the style and verve of these volumes with the posthumous works of Heinrich Zimmer – for these have been recreated by Joseph Campbell from Zimmer's notes. Grateful as we may be for Zimmer's legacy of knowledge about Hindu religion, myth, and art, the writer Campbell has too long been hidden under the Zimmer pseudonym, and also, perhaps, too narrowly associated with oriental studies. I was therefore pleasantly startled to find him more competent in handling the myths of the West than those of the East. His outlook is more comprehensive, more scholarly, more historically related than in the preceding volume, and he has managed to include *all* the principal mythologies of the West from Sumeria to Ireland, and from ancient Egypt to Scandinavia.

At the root of Mr. Campbell's interests in mythology lies the problem of man's identity – of the exact relation of the individual consciousness to the total cosmos, to the fundamental energy which the galaxies express. He shows the varying ways in which myths express, on the one hand, a sense of estrangement from and contest with man's natural matrix, and, on the other, a sense of unity and of conflict-containing harmony between the individual and the universe. In the former, man's attention is preoccupied with his separateness, whereas, in the latter, the light of awareness seems to fan out and reveal the individual to be an action or expression of the whole world. He discusses the displacement of this latter sense, so prevalent in the Western Bronze Age, by the harsh, heroic, and competitive attitudes of the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman cultures which have handed down to us the prejudice that all experiences of the ego's absorption in universal nature are (in the old jargon) sinful or (in the new) regressive.

There is still a fourth volume to come, *Creative Mythology*, and, from the way things have been going thus far, one may expect that Mr. Campbell will round out his philosophy of man's identity and its expression in myth. He

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Here's a sampling of what happens when England's angriest, youngest, funniest, most lethal satirist looks at the world.

(Any resemblance to life in these United States is not strictly coincidental)

On scotching ugly rumors related to the use of your product

"Let's look at the facts," said Rollo Swavely, the well-known British public relations consultant for his client JOHNNY FRIENDLY METHYLATED SPIRITS. "There are people who drink methylated spirits, and there are people who go blind. Some of the people who go blind also happen to drink methylated spirits. And that's all the evidence there is for this half-baked nonsense about methylated spirits causing blindness! . . . What hurts me about this blindness scare is that meths is giving genuine pleasure to a lot of ordinary people . . ."

On divorce in depth

"The best news of the week for divorce lovers," said Sir Harold Sidewinder, the well-known chairman and man of opinion, "is the forthcoming decree between well-known maritalists Nutria Trousseau and Pete Sequin. Excitement has been running high recently, not only among divorce lovers, but among human relations lovers of every sort . . . now the happy event has been definitely announced. According to some commentators the grounds will probably be Mr. Sequin's mental cruelty in refusing to divorce Miss Trousseau. Here to discuss the news is a group of well-known divorce critics and human relations connoisseurs."

On high-level diplomacy

"I note with concern that your security forces found the equipment directly beneath the Kremlin. I hope no inconvenience was caused to yourself or to Chairman Khrushchev by damage being done to the main services. I think it is fairly clear that Private Muffin—whom you say you have identified as ringleader of the 570 men working in the hole – was trying to . . ."

On new techniques in interviewing politicians

"Nigel, you're appearing in the Infectious Alien (Exclusion) Bill, aren't you?"

"That's right, Mike. It's a fearless controversial bill, of course, but it's immensely human and worthwhile. My role is to stand up and speak out in favour of the brotherhood of man. Of course everyone thinks I'm letting the side down, but in the end I turn out to be loyal after all when I produce horrifying figures of Danes and Dutchmen arriving with influenza and I vote with the Government . . ."

On cementing relations (Christopher Smoothe at the Wall)

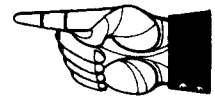
12:00 noon: Arrive Templehof Airport. Met by Federal Minister of Bluff and Counterbluff. Exchange speeches about West's faith and ideals.
1:00 p.m.: Lunch with leading West German armaments manufacturers. Give speech about necessity of remaining strong in face of the Communist threat.

2:30 p.m.–2:45 p.m.: Applause

3:00 p.m.: Drive in state procession to the Official Wall Viewing-point. Now here's where we're going to need a bit of very delicate timing. The Official Viewing-point has a fantastically busy schedule, of course, and it's booked up for months ahead. They . . .

Plucked alive and kicking from

Michael Frayn's



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will be saying, surely, that the acute self-consciousness and sense of separate individuality that Western man has developed is the prelude to a new "mutation" of human consciousness. This will not be a *nirvana* in which the ego merely vanishes into a depersonalized ocean of "cosmic feeling," but a standpoint from which the individual, in all his uniqueness, will be experienced – directly and sensuously – as an operation of the whole universe.

Congress Against Itself

by William A. Korns

The voters who sent Ted Kennedy to the Senate in 1962 on his claim that "I can do more for Massachusetts" would have appreciated the variations on that theme sounded by two Kennedy-family associates on the eve of this month's Democratic primaries in New York and California. Up in the Bronx, Rep. Charles A. Buckley, chairman of the House Public Works Committee and a 30-year veteran on Capitol Hill, dismissed his successful challenger, Jonathan Bingham, in these words: "I can get more done in two minutes in Washington than Bingham could do in two years." Across the continent, Pierre Salinger, with only a modest political form sheet to flourish in his race with Alan Cranston for the Senate seat of Clair Engle, put the case more subtly. "When I pick up the phone and call Secretary McNamara," said Salinger, "they're not going to have to ask twice who I am."

Congress: The Sapless Branch
by Joseph S. Clark
(Harper & Row; $4.95)
Obstacle Course on Capitol Hill
by Robert Bendiner
(McGraw-Hill; $4.95)

These latest bits of candid puffery point up what Sen. Joseph S. Clark calls "the persistent localism of Congressional election politics," and what Robert Bendiner describes as the Congressman's "lively preoccupation with the politics, the distribution of power, and the sentiment of his district." Neither observation is new, yet both are basic to these writers' current critiques of the legislative branch and their appraisals of the needs and prospects for far-reaching Congressional reform.

Senator Clark, the one-time reform mayor of Philadelphia (who has been jousting with legislative parochialism and anachronism since he entered the "world's greatest deliberative body" in 1957), performed a notable public service last year with his deft dissection of *The Senate Establishment*. Now, in *Congress: The Sapless Branch*, he has expanded his indictment to embrace the infirmities of the House and prescribed the many ingredients of a program of total reform.

Clark shares in full the thesis advanced last year by James MacGregor Burns, in *The Deadlock of Democracy*, that responsible party government has been frustrated by the operations of a four-party system on Capitol Hill, pitting Congressional Democrats and Republicans against Presidential Democrats and Republicans. Armed with a formidable array of customs, rules and procedures designed to delay or forestall legislative action, the largely conservative Congressional parties are generally able to thwart the broadly progressive Presidential parties and the legislative priorities of the nation's chosen political leader.

One need not dwell on the current civil rights spectacle in the Senate to grasp the pertinency of the Burns-Clark analysis, or call the roll of still-born and truncated Presidential programs in recent years to prove the power of negative thinking in Congress. The Senator, in his personally conducted tour of the Hill, has catalogued all the permutations of nay-saying with admirable clarity and style. His analysis is neatly complemented by Mr. Bendiner's who - did - what - to - whom-and-how account of the successive failures to enact a general aid-to-education bill.

Problem-solvers tinged with skepticism may nevertheless find themselves asking whether the obstructionist ways of Congress pose a danger to democratic government, whether the remedies most commonly proposed have a realistic chance of being adopted in the foreseeable future, and whether the end product would be so clearly preferable to what we now have. Senator Clark votes "yea" to all three propositions and speaks for a solid and growing body of informed opinion. Yet the curative powers imputed to wholesale institutional reform may ignore the underlying realities of American social and political behavior.

Take the leading domestic issue of 1964 – civil rights. It is a fact, as the Senator states, that "the record of the Congress on equal rights for all Americans is the classic example of unjust delay." It is also a fact that minority rule in the Senate, enshrined in the cloture rule, has compounded that delay. But is it tenable that a more nearly representative, democratically-organized, and nationally-minded Congress would have dealt with the issue that much earlier to have changed the course of events? What is one to make of all those Wallace votes in Wisconsin, Indiana and Maryland and the widespread evidence of racial strife in the North, if it is not that the problem goes well beyond the demonstrable shortcomings of Congress?

The case of federal aid to education is somewhat different. Mr. Bendiner does not argue the merits of aid, but documents the fashion in which its opponents have repeatedly employed the machinery of Congress to deny what its proponents have presented as an overwhelming popular demand. The special merit of his book lies, however, in his analysis of the roles played by the pro-aid lobbies. "The streams of opinion that favor federal aid have simply failed to merge," he concludes. "Each group has been so bent on going its own way and no other that Congress is afforded at least an explanation for its prolonged failure to act." And if a general aid program is ever to be approved, "it will more likely be generated by sheer need, translated into cries of pain from the taxpayers, than by the foresight and deliberation of Congress. . . . The demand is not yet articulate enough to elicit from the average Congressman the keen, auto-

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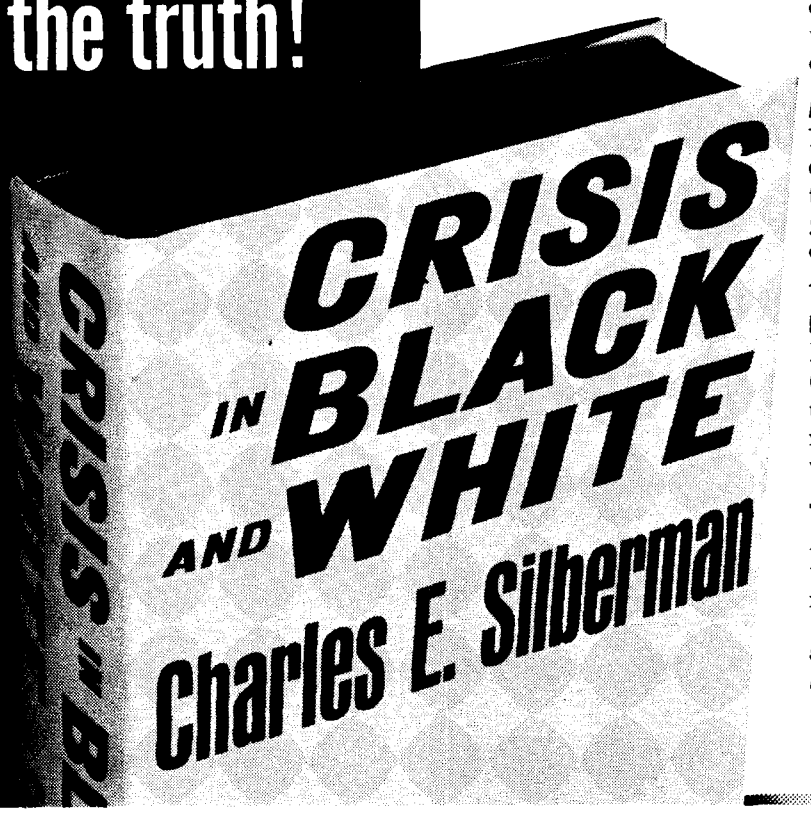

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matic interest he would show in the potential choice of a belle from his district as the year's Apricot Queen."

This brings us back to the "persistent localism" that shapes the outlook of Congress. Mr. Bendiner describes the problem succinctly: "The great convenience, even the necessity, of a system for assuring the smooth functioning of service to the district accounts in good part for the tenacity with which Congressmen cling to things as they are. Without sources of power there is no dispensing of favor, without favor there is no service, and without service there may be no re-election." Senator Clark even has some kind words to say about the ambassadorial role: "Certainly as a personal representative of his constituents, a mediator between government bureaucracy and the rank-and-file citizen, a case worker or errand boy for the folks in his state or district, the Congressman today performs indispensable service." Both writers agree, however, that the primacy of localism remains the ultimate barrier to the perfecting of a more efficient, cooperative and responsible legislative voice in the formation of national policy.

What are the prospects for reform? "The truth is, of course, that the matter disturbs the sleep of no more than a handful of Americans," says Mr. Bendiner. The Senator is equally candid: "We are well aware that there exists today no irresistible popular demand for the comprehensive reforms and drastic changes which would restore health and vigor to the legislative branch." Yet he sees hope of a developing consensus for streamlining Congress, in the growing support of opinion makers and his belief that "a continuing deadlock with an institution which enjoys the popularity of the American Presidency will not be forever tolerated by the electorate." He echoes Mr. Burns' view, however, that the President himself "must enlist in the struggle."

There was some justification for believing at one time that President Kennedy would do just that; he entered the House Rules fight more or less openly, and initiated a new look at campaign financing, but could not have been said to have fulfilled the hopes of reformers. President Johnson is another cup of tea. Far from abandoning the skills developed in a lifetime of weaving the strands of political localism into the fabrics of national policy, he has woven them into a remarkably fine and strong cloth. Given a second term, it does not appear reasonable to anticipate his conversion to the cause of root-and-branch reform.

Yet it would be a mistake to discount the possibilities for change that are inherent in the kaleidoscopic American political scene. Senator Clark himself notes some weakening in the hold of the Senate Establishment as now constituted; the Senate has mended its ways in some small particulars and may well take the bolder step of amending Rule 22 next January. It may be true that, as the Senator avers, if the public really understood how Congress operates it "would never tolerate present procedures." As eminently readable and informative contributions to that understanding, the books of the Senator and Mr. Bendiner deserve the widest possible attention.

Huxley the Humanist

by William Raymond Smith

Sir Julian Huxley epitomizes the breed of British intellectual that so awes Americans. Who among us could quote his own grandfather to clinch a point? Sir Julian could build whole arguments upon evidence supplied by his family and friends, for he is the grandson of Darwin's Bulldog, T. H. Huxley, and the grandnephew of Matthew Arnold. In accomplishments as well as heredity,

Essays of a Humanist
by Sir Julian Huxley
(Harper & Row; $4.95)

Sir Julian bridges Sir Charles Snow's two cultures. As a young man at Oxford he won a major poetry prize and later published a volume of verse. He has lectured on zoology and evolution at major universities in England and America, held about every post of power in the scientific community conceivably open to him, including the biology editorship of the fourteenth edition of *The Encyclopaedia Britannica,* been a member of the BBC brain trust, helped organize UNESCO as Executive Secretary, and then became its Director General. This achievement was capped with a knighthood in 1958.

More, he is charming. When he was visiting professor at the University of Chicago in the fall of 1959, the city desk of *The Chicago Tribune* warned me, when they called to give me the assignment to interview him, that he reputedly disliked reporters, treating them in a crusty, imperious manner. Loaded with books from the class I had just attended, I met him at the University's faculty club. Because he knew some of the books I was carrying, we fell into an hour-long discussion of cultural studies. He threw out provocative ideas with disarming casualness. He asked as many questions as I did, and he called the city editor with thanks for the story when it appeared.

To examine Huxley's views is to investigate what passes for greatness in our time. In *Essays of a Humanist,* he links together essays written in the last five years in "the exposition and more detailed development" of the "system of ideas" that has engaged his mind since a young lecturer at Oxford. Evolutionary Humanism, he wrote in the preface to the collection he edited as *The Humanist Frame,* relates all "human activity to the yardstick of desirable evolutionary direction." Such relation "could provide an all-inclusive aim for the human species, in the shape of greater fulfilment through increased realization of possibilities." Now, in a book exclusively his own, Huxley gives us what will probably be, for a man born in 1887, the final exposition of what he believes "to be a reasonably true, reasonably comprehensive, and reasonably coherent framework or system of ideas. . . ."

What is this system? Evolutionary Humanism applies Darwinian analysis to the problems of humanity. In Huxley's definition, "evolution in the most general terms is a natural process of irreversible change, which generates

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novelty, variety, and increase of organization: and all reality can be regarded in one aspect as evolution." Biological evolution through natural selection turns quantitative change into qualitative improvement. When man reached the stage of human awareness, psychosocial evolution continued the transformation of quantitative increase into qualitative factors, unfortunately, too frequently into a decrease of quality. But Huxley uses the term "evolution" in a slippery fashion. At times, it is restricted to the mechanics of natural selection. Again, it may be used to characterize "grades of organization," or "operational efficiency." Then, it seems synonymous with progress. Evolution for Huxley is both a term of approbation and the description of a process. He argues that this process over which we have little or no control is necessarily the best thing.

Humanism, as used by Huxley, has little to do with the study of the humanities, or with individualism of the Italian Renaissance that led to preoccupation with personal development and ended in a kind of anarchism. Nor does his use of the term share much with F. C. S. Shiller's "humanism," which he suggested to William James as a more descriptive term than "pragmatism" to characterize their method. Rather, Huxley's "humanism" is closest to the use of the term by American radical Unitarian clergy in the 1920's to emphasize that belief in a deity was not necessary for religion.

Religion, Sir Julian informs us in the most comprehensive essay of this collection, "The Humanist Frame," is one of the trinity of activities – art, science, and religion – in which man "transcends the material business of making a living." Rejecting the idea of God, Humanists will nevertheless set us "some ceremonial sanctification of life" while religiously affirming the "irreducible mystery" of the universe. Surely this is superstitious verbal magic. If there is no God, worship of mystery in evolution is idolatry. Would it not be "humanistic," more "scientific" to say with Socrates that although we do not know and know no one who does, we will try to solve the mystery?

It seems to me that Huxley also fails to understand the spirit of science. For him, each new discovery must fit into Darwin's concept of evolution and natural selection before it can be judged valid. Evolution is not an hypothesis for investigation, but the primary fact. Huxley cites J. Bronowski as authority for scientific method. But the point of Bronowski's essay on science that Huxley included in *The Humanist Frame* is that there are no ultimate concepts, like Huxley's use of evolution, in the history of science or in the scientific method of investigation. Although the concept of evolution is one way of explaining things, it can be replaced by a more inclusive method of explanation just as Newtonian physics was absorbed in relativity physics. "In this sense," Bronowski wrote in *The Humanist Frame*, "each of these theories is not merely a discovery, but is truly a new creation."

Creation is precisely what Julian Huxley seems not to understand. "In the fulfilment society envisaged by Humanism," he writes, "art would be assigned a large role – to beautify the public sector, to bear witness to the richness of existence, to affirm values in concrete effective form, to provide achievements of which human societies could be proud and through which mankind can find itself more adequately." But art can no more be *assigned* a task than can science. If there is any meaning in the plea for more "basic research," it is that freedom to do what we please is necessary for artistic and scientific creation.

The language that characterizes this collection of essays asserts without bothering to argue. The attitude is that of the specialist who, because he can use a technique to "know" and manipulate a small area of human experience, sincerely believes that he knows and can control experience in general.

The three essays in which Huxley is on home ground are well written, perceptive, and entertaining. In "Birds and Science" he gives a good popular survey of recent developments in ornithology. "The Coto Doñana" describes a bird watching station in southern Spain with relish and a good eye for interesting detail, such as the servant of the Palacio Doñana who "insists on doing all the serving at table, always with a toothpick in his mouth. . . ." "Riches of Wild Africa" is a convincing argument for game preservation backed by evidence such as the comment attributed to Ugandan visitors to a national park who had never seen large wild animals: "Those are elephants – how wonderful! And they are *our* elephants. We must protect them and help other Africans to enjoy the sight of them." These essays are worth reading, but Huxley's "main aim," "to set forth the facts and principles of evolutionary humanism," fails.

The collection fails. In his attempt at humanist history, "The Enlightenment and the Population Problem," Huxley views the past as tolerant adults view prepubescent children, amused by slips due to undeveloped coordination, and amusingly pleased by anticipations of what is adult behavior. Surveying a period generally associated with French thought, Huxley predominately cites English examples of pre-scientific demographic techniques.

Arrogance, historical naïveté, and the

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language of authoritarianism are most directly felt in the concluding essay, "Eugenics in Evolutionary Perspective." Eugenics is the prime science because "the fuller realization of possibilities will inevitably come to provide the main motive for man's over-all efforts; and a Science of Evolutionary Possibilities, which today is merely adumbrated, will provide a firm basis for these efforts."

Sir Julian attempts to dissociate himself from "crude racism, with its unscientific ascription of natural and permanent superiority or inferiority to entire races," by asserting that races contain the same percentages of inferior, superior, and mediocre individuals. However, different races may contain "say two instead of one percent of exceptionally gifted men and women." But the use of the highly dubious concept of race, which he does not bother to define, gives him away.

His concern is to promote intelligence; to wit, "I recently attended an admirable symposium on nutrition in Nigeria where the scientific quality of the African contributions was every wit as high as that of the whites. . . ." Without evidence or argument, he asserts, "it is now well established that the human IQ, when properly assayed, is largely a measure of genetic endowment." It is these "social problem groups" that hold us all back: "Intelligence and other tests have revealed that they have a very low average IQ; and the indications are that they are genetically subnormal in many other qualities, such as initiative, pertinacity, general exploratory urge and interest, energy, emotional intensity, and will power." I can only point to the lengths that arrogance goes by quoting his solution for the "social problem groups": "Compulsory or semi-compulsory vaccination, inoculation and isolation are used in respect of many public health risks: I see no reason why similar measures should not be used in respect of this grave problem, grave both for society and for the unfortunate people whose increase has been actually encouraged by our social system."

"Positive eugenics," what Huxley calls "EID – eugenic insemination by deliberately preferred donors," would allow "couples who adopt this method of vicarious parenthood [to] be rewarded by children outstanding in qualities admired and preferred by the couple themselves." One would have thought Bernard Shaw's quip about his beauty and the lady's brains would have ended such nonsense, especially in view of the extreme complexity of genetic mechanism currently being discovered. But no! "Shelters for sperm-banks [which] will give better genetic results than shelters for people, as well as being very much cheaper."

Small Drop, Large Bucket

by Edward T. Chase

Federal Aid to Depressed Areas
by Sar A. Levitan
(John Hopkins; $6.95)

The Arthur Schlesingers, the father back in 1939, the son twenty years later, have contended that social reform is cyclical in American political life. There is solid supporting evidence. Americans were bushed by the Depression and World War II, Korea and the Cold War. Hence the inert Eisenhower epoch wherein the people spent the fifties recharging their batteries. According to this rhythm theory, the sixties called for the return of positive government, an end to bland acquiescence and a reaffirmation of social concern. And so it has come to pass, more or less.

Professor Levitan's Ford Foundation-grant study reports on the pioneering item on the agenda for the resurgent sixties. It is the Area Redevelopment Act, John F. Kennedy's very first major legislation as President, signed into being in May 1961, with Congress finally appropriating the implementing funds that October.

Eisenhower had vetoed it in 1958 and again in 1960. The Act's genesis is traceable to Senator Paul Douglas's dismay over the plight of southern Illinois – a victim of the coal mining industry's demise – on his election campaign trips there in 1954. Douglas pressed for the measure, convinced that it was not only needed locally but for the national economic interest. President Kennedy's sympathy was foregone. In his pivotal primary victory over Humphrey in impoverished West Virginia he had pledged himself to vigorous aid.

What a perfect time it is now for Levitan's book to appear, just when the anti-poverty wars are scheduled to begin. And what a miracle it will be if the decision makers ever trouble to ponder Levitan's findings. Best sellerdom is not this book's destiny, the more's the pity. If it were, perhaps the battle could be won to persuade Congress of the feasibility and the documented necessity of *interventionism* and on a realistic, which is to say massive, scale.

For Levitan demonstrates that the Federal government can intervene successfully, that the ARA works. But it is ridiculously, self-defeatingly overextended, covering so many designated depressed areas that its puny resources are drastically diluted. By the first of this year, the ARA had committed $215 million under its four categories of aid. These are (1) loans to create new industry (2) to develop improved local public facilities (3) grants for economic planning studies and (4) to retrain the jobless. The loans and grants have been expanded. But so has the number of eligible areas.

Levitan writes: "It is not clear how ARA officials hope to aid the nearly 5 million persons, of whom about 156,000 are unemployed, in the seven newly designated areas while hundreds of areas which had been previously designated have not as yet received any help from the agency. Without minimizing the serious unemployment problem faced by the seven designated core areas, it could hardly be claimed that the meager resources available to the ARA could be used more advantageously in these areas than in the thousand or more areas previously designated."

For all his sympathy for the ARA, Levitan is skeptical of some of the statistical claims made for it. He quotes ARA spokesmen to the effect that over 20,000 new jobs have been created and that the total will reach 60,000 before long. The ARA administrator, William L. Batt Jr., states, "unemployment has

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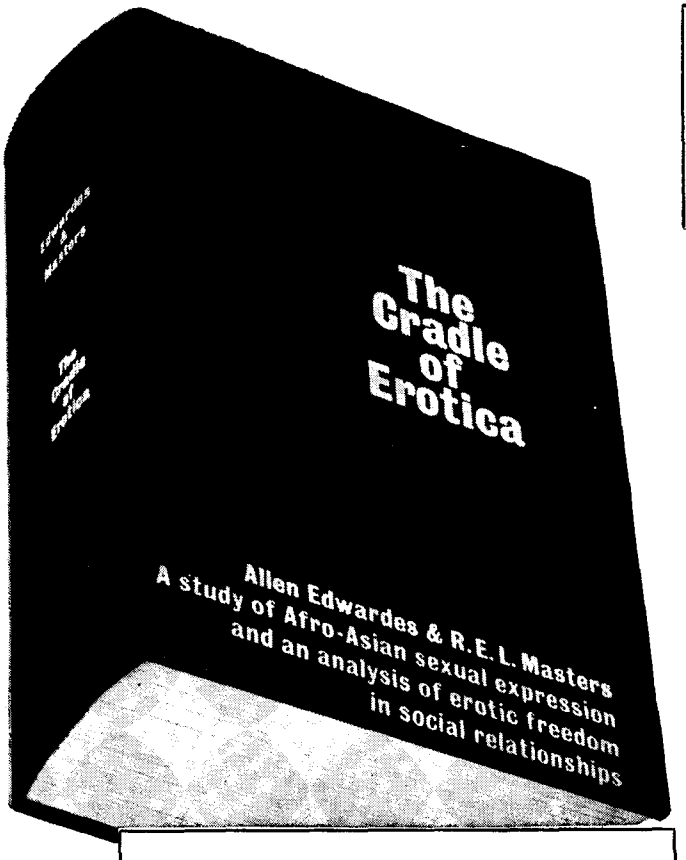
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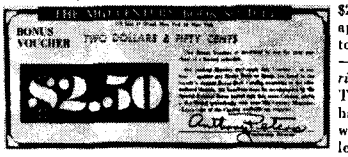

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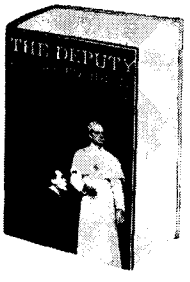

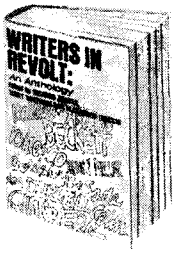

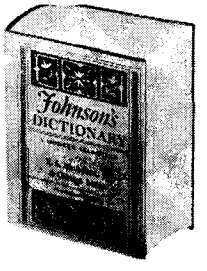

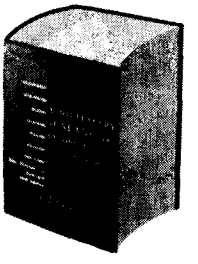

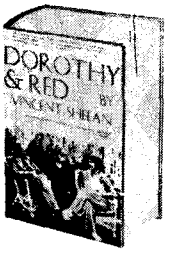

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been reduced by one third of the gap that prevailed in 1961 (by no means through ARA projects alone)."

The ARA has already begun to be partly superceded by newer anti-poverty programs, notably the Manpower Development and Training Act, though it is destined to run to mid-1965 and quite possibly beyond. I would guess its most enduring contribution will be seen to be its pioneering role in inducing American community leaders to plan. Eligibility for ARA assistance calls for prior preparation of Overall Economic Development Programs. Thus the community is committed to at least rudimentary assessment of how it can best direct its development.

National economic planning of a kind is bound to come to the United States because its need is daily more apparent. This is the way it will begin, this in conjunction with the now already conventional fiscal and monetary and regulatory manipulations from Washington. We got a strong cue from President Johnson in the major address he delivered May 29 at the University of Michigan. Calling for an enrichment of our national life, he stated that to elevate and advance the quality of American civilization will require "new concepts of cooperation, a creative federalism between the national capital and the leaders of local communities."

The ARA is to date the outstanding precursor of "the new federalism." As such it has become an irritant to reactionaries and romantics. It is an explicit acknowledgment of the reality of our economic structure of national firms, of national communications systems, of national mobility of peoples' and their life standards – in short of a continental nation whose cities, regions and states are interdependent as never before.

The Beerbohm Revival

by Joseph Epstein

Edmund Wilson has recently remarked that, with the exception of Bernard Shaw, he "reads and rereads Max" as he does not any other British prose writer of his youth. Certainly something of this kind must be behind the Beerbohm revival of recent years. Perhaps this is because Max Beerbohm, more than anyone else, provides fortification against the careerism, humor-

Max in Verse
by Max Beerbohm
collected and annotated by
J. G. Riewald
(Stephen Greene Press; $6.50)

lessness and raw self-assertion that make up so much of the content of current intellectual life.

Revival may be a bit strong to describe the renewed interest in Max Beerbohm's work, an interest which, by modern standards, has been of a relatively muted variety. Still, in 1953 there appeared J. G. Riewald's scholarly biography, *Sir Max Beerbohm: Man and Writer;* in 1960, S. N. Behrman's memoir, *Portrait of Max,* which had earlier run as seven articles in the *New Yorker;* again in 1960, Dwight Macdonald's *Parodies: An Anthology from Chaucer to Beerbohm – and After,* a first-rate book which Beerbohm largely – and rightly – dominates; in 1962, an undiscriminating but properly genuflecting collection of essays, parodies and stories entitled *The Incomparable Max;* and now *Max in Verse,* a handsomely turned out little volume edited with great scrupulousness and evident love by the biographer Riewald.

"My gifts are small," Beerbohm once wrote to Bohun Lynch, another of his biographers. "I've used them very well and discreetly, never straining them; and the result is I've made a charming little reputation. But that reputation is a frail plant. Don't over attend to it, gardener, Lynch." Yet, despite his disclaimers, the plant has proved not nearly so frail, for Beerbohm's achievement was quite considerable. In *Zuleika Dobson* he wrote one of the few unrelievedly comic novels in the English language. He was the leading drama critic of his day. No finer parodist lived. Over the years he built up a formidable stock of essays, portraits, stories and memoirs, almost all of which have upon them the stamp of agelessness. And as a caricaturist he was second only to the great French draftsman Sem, and even this seems open to argument.

Max Beerbohm's greatest work, without doubt, was his own life. Orderly, elegant, sympathetic and generous, in all its aspects governed by an effortless command of style – it was one of the truly superb creations of Edwardian England (that he was able to keep it flawlessly intact while living in his villa in Rapallo till his death in 1952 is all the more remarkable). In such a life the anecdote naturally looms large, and Beerbohm seemed to have had an inexhaustible supply. The story of his meeting with Henry James could perhaps stand one more retelling.

Beerbohm was en route to the Savile Club to read a newly published James story when he came upon the American novelist in the street. James, who talked as he wrote – that is, with great, maddening circumlocution – was in top form. He was, as Beerbohm said, "a great hesitater, you know, the greatest of hesitaters." After a bit James invited Beerbohm to join him in viewing a new Augustus John at the Grafton Galleries, but Beerbohm claimed a previous appointment. "Henry James," he reports, "walked on alone, and I made my way to the Savile to read his story. I preferred, somehow, to be with the Master's work rather than with the Master himself."

A perfect judgment, and one in which anyone who has looked through Leon Edel's masterful biography will concur. Beerbohm's judgments were not always so. He seemed, for one thing, incapable of appreciating larger, bulkier talents. Goethe he abhorred. Dostoyevsky was the occasion for "Kolniyatsch," his wickedly funny travesty on the Garnett's find ("Their promised biography of the murdered grandmother is eagerly awaited. . . ."). And on the subject of Shaw he was close to pathological. He went so far, in a conversation with Edmund Wilson, to describe how ridiculous Shaw appeared from behind: ". . . the back of his head came straight down and made a line with his neck. At first nights in his early days, he wasn't true to his principles – he wore evening clothes to the theater, but a suit so shiny that, if you were behind him, you could see your face in it

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like a mirror." It may have been not so much Shaw as success – large, glowing success – that Beerbohm despised. This sort of treatment appears all the more shabby for the fact that it was Shaw who chose Beerbohm as his successor as drama critic on the old *Saturday Review* and who tagged him with the word "incomparable."

Elsewhere, Beerbohm comes off as nothing if not immensely likeable. He was, indeed, charm incarnate, and his great trick was to be simply, indubitably, himself.

Beerbohm described himself as a prosist. It is a fit word, at once conferring professional status and implying that all the discipline and care that go into the best poetry ought also to go into the best prose. In his hands prose took on lucidity, power and perhaps most of all, grace. For one who so frequently wrote on autobiographical subjects, it is astonishing how he always managed to avoid massaging his own ego.

As a writer of verse, as Mr. Riewald points out in his preface, Beerbohm is somewhat less well known. His name is absent from most anthologies of English poetry and humorous verse. His marksmanlike parody, in "Savonarola Brown," of pseudo-Shakespearean verse-drama has been widely read, as has his "Sequelula" to Thomas Hardy's *The Dynasts*. But there is more, much more – enough at any rate for S. N. Behrman to be able to testify that "at least half the contents of *Max in Verse* [was] completely unknown to me." The industrious Riewald has dug up 84 poems in all, of which 34 have not previously been published, and in what is something less than a zinger of a "commercial" publishing idea the Stephen Greene Press of Brattleboro, Vermont, has printed them in handsome Baskerville and Perpetua types along with a helpful set of notes by the editor.

In one of Beerbohm's caricatures there is a rather elderly Victorian gentleman with splendid mutton-chop whiskers sitting in an expansive wing chair with pen and paper in hand. Under the drawing the caption reads: "Statesman of Olden Time, making without wish for emolument a flat but faithful version of *The Georgics* in English hexameters." Remove the "flat but faithful" and there is something of this same quality to the poems in *Max in Verse*. They were done, that is, clearly for the hell of it.

There are, for example, such throwaway pleasantries as:

Honored Doctor Dryasdust,
Look to your laurels: you really *must*.
You seem so very moist indeed
When one compares you with Herbert Read.

Parodies, such as this after Kipling:

Then it's collar 'im tight,
In the name o' the Lawd!
'Ustle 'im, shake 'im till 'e's sick!
Wot, 'e *would*, would 'e? Well,
Then yer've got ter give 'im 'Ell,
An' it's trunch, trunch, truncheon
does the trick.
– *Police Station Ditties*

Or displays of sheer technical brilliance, such as this from the imprint of the first English edition of *The Works of Max Beerbohm:*

"London: JOHN LANE, The Bodley Head
– New York: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS."
This plain announcement, nicely read,
Iambically runs.

There is much else in the collection that Mr. Riewald has put together: a poem to Henry James that begins with the line, "Say, indefatigable alchemist"; a number of examples of the Sonnet Game – played with, among others, his friend the artist William Rothenstein – poems in which Beerbohm and the other party supplied alternate lines; "Savonarola" and "Sequelula"; "Carmen Becceriense," a pseudo-historical poem in Latin written and edited by Beerbohm, at age 17, with an elaborate mockery of scholarly apparatus; and a good deal more. One of my own favorites is the following, found in a card in Beerbohm's hat by Robert Graves in his father-in-law's studio in Appletree Yard:

Once I used to perch on Max Beerbohm's pate,
But now he's become Italianate;
So here in contempt and disregard
I moulder for ever in Appletree Yard.

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ART

Out of Africa

On that very Capitol Hill that has been the center of so much recent high wind occasioned by a reconsideration of the place of the Negro in American society, there has opened – about five blocks from the wind machine – an excellent Museum of African Art dedicated to such things as preserving the customs and ways of life of the past. Senator Russell take note.

The material on exhibition here is presented against a light and airy background of white walls, large windows and plenty of space around and between the pieces, quite opposite from the original setting and allowing in full for normal, Western museum reaction of attention to detail and leisurely absorbing of the whole object as an aesthetic composition. The aesthetic value is powerful enough, even in the antiseptic setting, to carry some ghost of the old tribal involvement with the forms and figures. About 150 pieces represent very well the principal carving tribes of the west coast of Africa. The Kono bird of the Ivory Coast hangs from the ceiling and looks remarkably like a Romanesque lectern. Ingenuity occasionally modifies the decorative power of the pieces, as in several elaborate crocodiles. The single most spectacular work is a geometrically stylized snake about seven feet high, standing on its tail. But the most compelling images are those of the antelope. The horned head is treated in infinite variety, from close naturalism to high stylization in which the rhythm of the long, curved cones dominates any suggestion of the animal itself.

The new institution is almost singlehandedly the work of Warren M. Robbins, a former foreign service officer, although Mr. Robbins is sensitive enough to the customs of our own time to have compiled a powerful platoon of names on the letterhead. The museum occupies about half of the Frederick Douglass house and thus at once distinguishes itself from the more customary, aesthetic or frissonable interests in art. From before his own escape from slavery to his death in 1895, Douglass, a formidable orator, was agit-prop all the way and so is the new museum, for all its chaste white walls and beautifully arranged installation of a large collection of African objects.

The museum is, in fact, the main if not at the moment the only manifestation of Mr. Robbins' parent organization – also largely a solo performance – The Center for Cross-Cultural Communication, a title which at once betrays its author's State Department background and the social hopes of the African Museum. The hopes constitute an interesting idea about the Negro in America, one by no means original but one which has rarely been made as visible, tangible and available.

The idea springs from the strictly modern recognition that there is such a thing as African art. Now if there is African art it must have been produced by the Africans, and if they were capable of producing work that was capable of inspiring the top French and German artists of our time, why then surely their descendants may safely be trusted with the vote and be allowed equal access to lunch counters, swimming pools, golf links and other centers of cross-cultural communication.

The agit-prop purposes of the new Museum are thus two-fold: first to instruct white Americans in the richness of African art and thus induce them to accept American Negroes as full equals in background, hence in citizenship; and second to spread the same good news to American Negroes themselves, so that they may no longer regard themselves as imitation European-Americans but as full Americans with a cultural descent of which they have every reason to be proud.

Now of course you may say this shouldn't be necessary. No one dreams of asking the Southern red-neck to prove anything, or for that matter of asking those flowers of Southern eloquence in the United States Senate to take a simple examination in the meaning of Constitutional history. Still, in earlier days, Polish church-schools insured that the young Polish-American maintained a grasp of his Polish past, language included, and thus felt at least the equal of the Anglo-Saxons who owned the town he was growing up in. The big city Irish, in contrast, moved right into political control and their final cultural redemption came

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Notes on Contributors

T. R. Fehrenbach's *book* This Kind of War *was published last season by Macmillan.* Alan Watts *is the author of* Myth and Ritual in Christianity, The Spirit of Zen *and other books on Occidental and Oriental religion.* William A. Korns *is an editor of* The Congressional Quarterly. William Raymond Smith *is on the English faculty of Haverford College.* Edward T. Chase *is a writer on public affairs and a consultant to government and industry.* Joseph Epstein, *a free-lance writer living in Arkansas, was until recently a New York magazine editor.*

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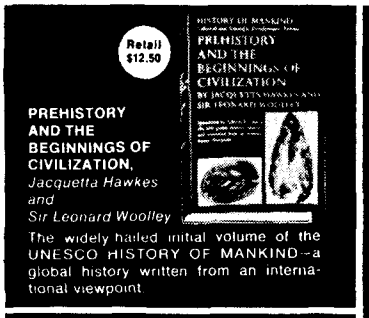

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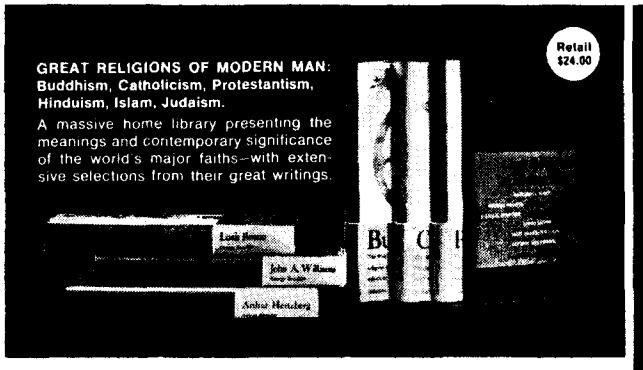

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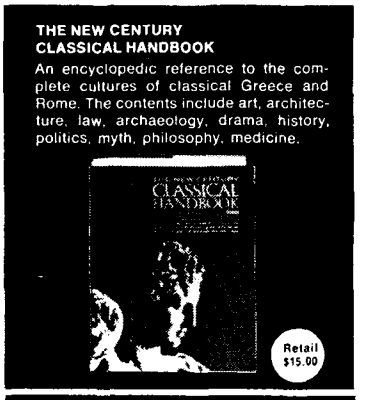

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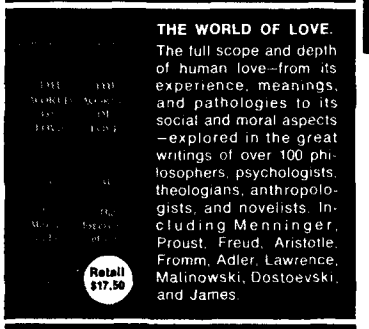

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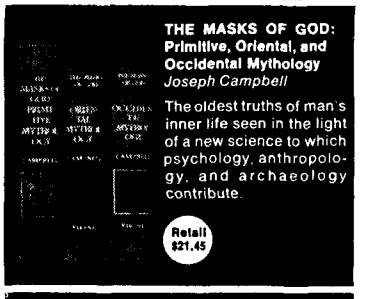

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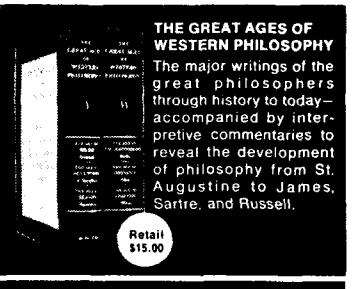

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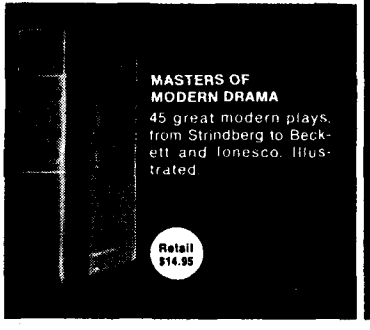

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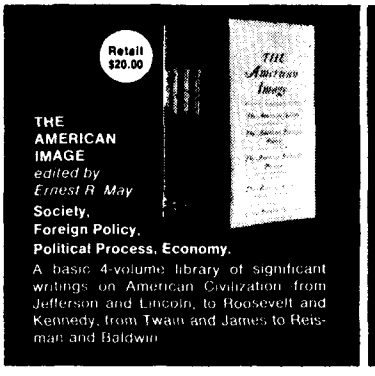

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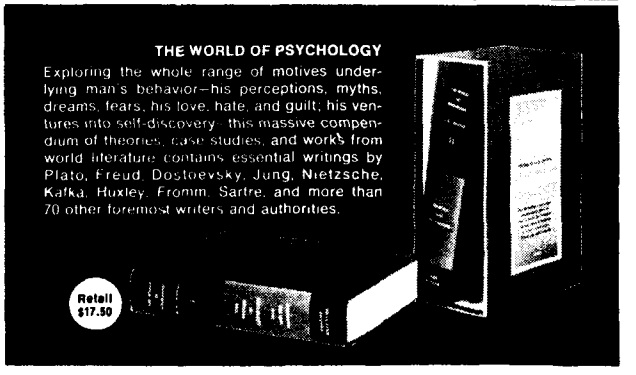

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with the election of John F. Kennedy, when we learned that the crooked bosses of the seaboard were not only a bunch of Robin Hoods but also the embodiment of an ethnic genius for political performance.

But these and other immigrants differ profoundly from the Negro American and the first point of difference is in the manner and the motive of their group arrival. The immigrants, beginning with the Puritans, came in search of opportunity or in flight from the intolerable. With the Negro, the crossing was precisely reversed. He was captured and dragged away from his home country and sold into slavery here. The opportunities of the jungle, whatever they were, ended, and the intolerable became his new way of life. There was no such thing as a school in the ways of the old culture, nor was there the remotest opportunity of duplicating the urban feat of the Irish. The break with African culture was total. To attempt to resurrect it now as a part of a living American reality is analagous to the Irish effort to revive Gaelic or, more relevantly, to earlier efforts to cheer up young 20th-Century Sicilian-Americans by pretending that they were really 15th-Century Florentines and Umbrians. Americans are the heirs of the Renaissance in a thousand ways, but the inheritance comes from being European, not Italian. The American Negro, too, is European, not African. The spiritual is a 19th-Century European-American Christian-hymn. Jazz is 20th-Century European-American urban music. Bojangles Robinson descended not from Mumbo-Jumbo, god of the Congo, but from George M. Cohan.

The final misapprehension of African art as agit-prop is to relate it to the doctrines of the New York sect of orgasm worship. This again is a somewhat dolled-up version of the old Southern superstition about the Negro as sexual animal. Some Negro writers are themselves not free of the easy Slave Owners assumption that Negroes are different sexually, only the current conclusion drawn is that the difference is one up for the Negro instead of one down. Generalized out of the strict theology of the orgasm sect, this argument speaks of savage vitality and how we all need it and how we can get it from our own rediscovery of African vitality.

The assumptions cry for re-examination, but there can be no question at all of the brilliant initial success of African Art in an institutional tradition that is strictly European-American. Chief among the assistants to Mr. Robbins in the enterprise have been the photographer, Eliot Elisofon, with his substantial African collection, and Joan Elisofon, who has installed the material beautifully.

FRANK GETLEIN

Correspondence

The Judge and the Psychiatrist

Sirs:

In his review (May 9) of Thomas S. Szasz's book, *Law, Liberty and Psychiatry*, J. Skelley Wright says: "What Dr. Szasz apparently does not know is that in most jurisdictions legal provision is made for periodic review of committed cases by independent experts, followed by court hearing." The facts are in almost complete disagreement. *No* state in the United States provides for periodic review of committed cases by independent experts (*The Mentally Disabled and the Law: The Report of the American Bar Foundation on the Rights of the Mentally Ill.* F. T. Lindman and D. M. McIntyre, Jr., Editors, University of Chicago Press. Pages 150-151 and 166). *Periodic* examinations by *non*-independent experts is provided by statute in nine states.

Judge Wright states that "Before a person can be branded a criminal, [an element] of his crime must be proved: – that in so doing, he had a guilty mind – *mens rea* in the lawyer's lingo." If such a requirement in fact existed in law, no conviction could be maintained for "accidental" or "non-intentional" crimes. It is interesting to note that Wright himself has not delivered himself of such a clear-cut and revolutionary opinion in his own court. However, should he assure us of such a decision, I am reasonably certain that many appeals would be forthcoming.

Judge Wright states, in referring to Szasz "He would have them continue to walk the streets . . . until . . . they commit some crime. . . . !" Wright appears to believe either in the myth of

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the "homicidal nut" of the predictability of felonious behavior. *No* significant scientific evidence has yet been produced to suggest a method to predict future felonious behavior for an individual nor do we have evidence to suggest that psychiatric patients are more "dangerous" than non-psychiatric citizens. (Current collated evidence is quite the contrary. The apparent base rate for felony and felony-like behavior is *lower* for the psychiatric patient than for the general population and considerably lower than other identifiable groups in our society, *i.e.*, the economically depressed urban teen-ager and young adult.)

Judge Wright states, "The author provides no useful answers to the problems he raises." Chapter 19 of *Law, Liberty and Psychiatry* is entitled "Proposals for Reforms in the Mental Health Field." Long and short range proposals are presented quite explicitly. No jurisdiction has yet tried any of them and the few attempts to try even slight modifications of them (British Mental Health Act, 1959) have resulted in some interesting findings. For example, in Great Britain only some 20 percent of patients are admitted involuntarily now, as compared to almost 80 percent in the United States where reform has yet to take place.

Edward S. Sulzer
Department of Psychiatry and Neurology
University of Minnesota

Available for Adoption

Sirs:

Elizabeth Shepherd in her otherwise excellent article, "Adopting Negro Children" (June 20) says, quoting Mrs. Margaret Edgar, ". . . all adoption agencies across North America have . . . a long list of healthy, intelligent white families waiting to adopt a child."

It is ten to twenty years since most adoption agencies had long lists of adoptive applicants waiting. With increasing numbers of white as well as Negro children available for adoption, more and more adoption agencies are becoming concerned as to how they can stimulate additional applications. Even with relaxation of age requirements for adoptive parents and willingness to place adoptive children where there are other children, adoption agencies in many states are apprehensive because applications have not kept pace with the growing number of children available for adoption.

Robert M. Myers
Executive Secretary
Children's Aid and Family Service
Northampton, Massachusetts

Mr. Goldwater's Bid

Sirs:

Conrad Joyner's article, "Whose Republican Party" (June 13), states of Senator Goldwater: "And part of his charm was that until January of this year, he gave every indication of aspiring to no office beyond that of United States Senator."

Mr. Joyner should read *The New Republic.*

Gilbert A. Harrison's "Way Out West" (November 23, 1963) fairly well proves Mr. Goldwater's coy bid for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. Mr. Harrison's article is deeply etched in my memory because I read it on November 22, *after* the assassination of President Kennedy and was disturbed by the ESP or prophecy attributed to one of Goldwater's managers, Richard Kleindiest, on page 16:

"Barry's election is so necessary for the preservation of Christian civilization, the Lord is going to see that he wins."

Mr. Harrison continues in the next paragraph, no quotes: That Lord whose ways are mysterious has yet to speak.

A. J. Plack
Los Angeles, Calif.

Professors and Pedagogues

Sirs:

This former college professor (of industrial relations and law, not education, heaven forbid!) admires Clark Kerr and enjoys reading Christopher Jencks ("Professors and Pedagogues," May 16), but insists that the record be set straight.

The "suggestive name" *multiversity* was coined by Arthur Bestor, not Clark Kerr. See Bestor, "The American University: A Historical Interpretation of Current Issues," *College and University,* Volume 32, No. 2 (1957). Bestor

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poignantly asks: "As knowledge increases and becomes more specialized, can the university succeed in preserving a common ground of intellectual understanding among educated men and women thus remaining a university instead of degenerating into a multiversity? As the number of students increases – or, more exactly, as the proportion of the population attending the university grows greater – can standards of intellectual attainment be upheld?"

Mr. Jencks seems to have answered these questions more like Bestor than Kerr.

Richard Martin Lyon
Deerfield, Illinois

Cheering Up the Capital

Sirs:

Apropos Wolf Von Eckhardt's "Cheering Up the Capital" (June 13). We in Washington already have a spacious and handsome Mall; Pennsylvania Avenue isn't that bad; no better no worse than most main arteries in America. If public money be spent, let it be spent on low-rent housing renewal of vast decrepit areas of Northwest, Northeast, and Southeast Washington, where the majority of its citizens live. What would I rather have than moon-rockets? Not the Pennsylvania Avenue Scheme admired by Mr. Von Eckhardt, but a National Capital wherein the majority of its citizens can live in cleanliness and respectability. That indeed would be something to be proud of.

Harold Boericke, Jr.
Washington, D. C.

All Right, Alright

Sirs:

To my amazement and distress, I noted your headline writer's "I Spy, You Spy, It's Alright" [sic] (June 13).

Was that spelling of *all right* deliberate, calculated? To what end? With what authority? Granted that *Webster's New International* gives *alright* a sort of status. But I doubt if a single responsible proofreader in an American newspaper's or publisher's office would let *alright* get by. Nor did *The New Republic* – 1962 – give any endorsement to Webster's notorious over-permissiveness.

Carlton F. Wells
Ann Arbor, Michigan

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